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EDITORIAL

WHERE'S THE GAS GONE?

Have the big oil companies been holding back production? Is the Pope Polish? Ask the people in gas lines; ask the independent truckers protesting high diesel fuel prices. Ask the Saudi Arabians—while they slap a 20-to-25 percent raise in the OPEC base price on us. Radio Riyadh says the shortage is due to "the operation by certain major powers of huge oil stockpiles or price manipulations by the companies."

You can even ask James Schlesinger. He admitted publicly that maybe the oil companies had been "unduly conservative" in getting out the gasoline, in view of the steady rise in imports and stockpiles of crude. The day after Schlesinger predicted the gasoline situation would improve this summer, another high-ranking Energy Department official, Dr. Lincoln Moses, told a Congressional committee there could be more shortages. Who do you believe?

Well, at least you know who not to believe—the oil companies. The chairman of Exxon claimed on June 15 that his company's oil supplies were down 14 percent; yet a Government memorandum obtained by *The Nation* shows that, by Exxon's own figures, its crude oil imports were at least 1 percent higher than last year.

Another confidential Government document, dated May 30, reported that gasoline supplies for the first quarter of 1979 (just before the current shortage) "are up by 4 to 8 percent, depending on the time period, over 1978's." Still another memo shows that between the weeks ending January 5 and April 4 U.S. domestic oil production rose; but the week ending April 6 it fell, and has fallen ever since. What happened? On April 5 Carter announced price decontrol. Had enough?

MAYOR KOCH ON BLACKS

CARTER IN KOREA
Donald Kirk

BIAS FOR HIRE
Sylvia Kronstadt

BAIL CASE
Herman Schwartz

LOST PROPERTY
Ben Sonnenberg

CAREY McWILLIAMS
Studs Terkel

AUTONOMY—OR ANNEXATION

BEGIN'S WEST BANK STRATEGY

TRUDY RUBIN

Jerusalem

"This Government was formed in order to preserve the land of Israel" [i.e., biblical Israel], Prime Minister Menachem Begin tearfully told his Cabinet after winning approval for his hard-line autonomy plan. His voice breaking, he insisted that if any decision were passed undermining that task he would resign as Prime Minister. "That is not a threat," he went on. "That is an assertion of principle. My old age will not shame my youth. I was born an Eretz Yisraeli [Land-of-Israelite] and will remain one to the end of my days, even though some may use Eretz Yisraeli as a term of insult."

Begin's autonomy plan—the guide for the negotiating team at the preliminary Egyptian-Israeli-U.S. talks now in progress—shatters the agreements on the future of the West Bank made at Camp David. Egypt, which also has a rigid position but sticks to the Camp David framework, wants autonomy to lead to Palestinian "independence," preferably creating an entity closely tied to Jordan. The United States basically sympathizes with this goal. But not only does Begin rule out a Palestinian state—ever—he insists on Israel's claim to sovereignty over the occupied territories after the five-year autonomy period envisioned at Camp David. At the opening of the talks the head of the Israeli team, Dr. Yosef Burg, said flatly, "Autonomy does not and cannot imply sovereignty."

The Egyptians are telling the foreign

(Continued on Page 784)

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LETTERS.

MAYOR RESPONDS

New York City

Fred Powledge ["Black and Blue in New York," *The Nation*, May 12] presented a misleading and misinformed viewpoint of race relations in New York City. This is a constantly changing subject, and perhaps beyond the grasp of someone who resorts to the propaganda trick of describing the complex urban racial problems of the 1970s as "Mississippian," or worthy of "Alabama sheriffs from the old days," or "somewhat Hitlerian." This is the language of those who leave reason behind and seek to distort the truth through emotion and slogans.

Since I took office in January 1978, my Administration has been firmly committed to a policy of racial justice. Mr. Powledge says that blacks have been excluded from "positions of leadership and power in city agencies." This is false. The commissioners of the Fire, Employment, Mental Health, and Parks Departments are blacks, as is the head of the Human Rights Commission. Deputy Mayor Haskell Ward, who is black, oversees the City's human services and is also our Health Services Administrator. The combined budgets of the agencies under his purview exceed $5.5 billion a year.

The number of black officers in the Police Department is not as high as I would like it to be, but a significant part of this problem was caused by the financial crisis in 1975. The City was forced to lay off almost 3,000 police officers, and civil service regulations required that those most recently hired be laid off first. This had a disproportionate impact upon blacks and other minorities, a situation we have been attempting to correct. Mr. Powledge does not mention the fact that the City has secured a $250,000 Federal grant to aid in recruiting blacks and racial minorities for the Police Department. Of that sum, $150,000 is being used for an advertising campaign to attract minority recruits, and $100,000 has been allocated for tutorial services to help police recruits prepare for the qualifying exam.

Finally, Mr. Powledge mentions in passing that 60 percent of New York City's budget is directed toward helping the poor, and then wonders if a great part of the money budgeted for social services doesn't end up in the hands of a "wasteful bureaucracy." Unfortunately, this was often the case. When I became Mayor, I resolved to do something about it. During the past seventeen months my Administration has redirected millions of dollars in anti-poverty funds to be used for the direct benefit of the poor, and not for bureaucratic overhead.

Let me cite two examples. During the previous Administration, youngsters who qualified under poverty guidelines for Federally funded summer jobs were selected by politicians and community leaders. Seventy-six percent of those chosen were minority. I changed the system to a lottery, and now 92 percent of those receiving jobs are minority, a reform that was strongly opposed by some black leaders, who preferred to pick and choose.

In the Model Cities program, $4.6 million was being used for tuition grants for black and Hispanic students. Of that sum, $2.1 million was going for administrative salaries and overhead, and some 2,000 students were attending college. Today, we have reduced administrative costs to $465,000, and more than 5,000 black and Hispanic students are going to college under this program.

It should be pointed out that a number of persons have become accustomed to bureaucratic expenditures as a source of both income and power. Now that the waste is being eliminated, they have been making their anger heard. In a city where many of the poor are black, this has sometimes resulted in charges of "racism" where, in reality, the issue is control of anti-poverty funds.

It might be easier to sidestep the serious problems which confront the urban poor today, problems which some people call "intractable." I don't believe they are intractable. However, a look at our nation's cities will show that past policies have not succeeded. We must find and implement new methods of making our cities work. We may make some mistakes, but we cannot lose hope. The road ahead may be rough, but we cannot turn back to an era of symbolic solutions for real problems. Whatever the future holds for our cities, the time to face it is now.

Edward I. Koch, Mayor

Brooklyn

It's unfortunate that Mayor Koch thinks my comments on some of our city's awful racial problems are a "propaganda trick." I remember when Bull Connor, George Wallace, Ross Barnett and others similarly inclined railed at us propagandists and outside agitators when we dared to criticize *their* brand of plantation management. Part of the problem with race in New York City is that intelligent whites such as Mayor Koch, especially those who fancy themselves liberals, have been unable to see the poisonously racist society around them. It is this, more than any other single factor, that has done most to perpetuate racism in the North.

It is good that Mr. Koch knows a problem's there, though, even if he hasn't yet learned how to cope with it, and I have great hopes for my Mayor's eventual perfection. It's depressing, however, to read that he wants to use an advertising campaign to deal with the racism that typifies his Police Department. So often the leaders of New York City, including all its recent mayors, have attempted to deal with serious problems with tokenism, public relations campaigns and similar facades. Propaganda tricks, as a matter of fact.

Fred Powledge

CUBAN RELIEF

Boston

As a Cuban and an American citizen, I was relieved to read your editorial, "Omega-7" [*The Nation*, May 26]. Relieved, first of all, to see that *The Nation* doesn't run with the pack. It is distressing to watch the mass press practically ignore the terrorist killing in San Juan of a Cuban by some of his fellow countrymen in exile. . . . Issues of great concern to a large segment of the Spanish-speaking population slip by almost unperceived by the larger public. . . .

It is not that some of us overestimate the importance, or tragedy, in our condition—we know that such political incidents accompany deep social divisions. This case is no different. The unfortunate fact is that appearances of inadequate attention (by the press and authorities) to serious violations of United States civil rights laws concerning the expressions of beliefs and opinions seem to be substantiated by events such as these. Intimidation by the threat and practice of violence still succeeds. Those who are trying, at a risk, to effect a thawing in the mini-cold war which still engulfs their lives need the vocal support of their fellow citizens. . . .

Unsigned

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CONTENTS.

Volume 228, No. 25

COVER
Editorial:
Where's the Gas Gone?
Autonomy—or Annexation:
Begin's West Bank Strategy *Trudy Rubin*

LETTERS
770

EDITORIALS
771 Vienna Report
772 Profits of Crime
772 Law Enforcement *Bertram M. Gross*
773 Sorry, Carll
774 *Second Thoughts* *Carey McWilliams*

ARTICLES
775 Propping Up Park:
Koreans Who Won't Cheer Jimmy Carter *Donald Kirk*
777 What's a Person-Hour Worth?:
Job Valuation—Bias for Hire *Sylvia Kronstadt*
780 Caribbean COINTELPRO:
Red Alert in Puerto Rico *William Lichtenstein and David Wimhurst*
782 The *Wolfish* Case:
Bad Time in the Bail Jail *Herman Schwartz*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
789 Lost Property *Ben Sonnenberg*
791 Naipaul: A Bend in the River *Benny Green*
793 McWilliams:
The Education of Carey McWilliams *Studs Terkel*
794 Karl: Joseph Conrad *Richard Lingeman*
796 Sivachev and Yakovlev:
Russia and the United States *Alan Wolfe*
797 Television *Peter Sourian*

Drawings by Seymour Chwast

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EDITORIALS.

Vienna Report

It was clear from the behavior of the members at the joint session of Congress listening to the President's account of what was done at Vienna that they thought the SALT II treaty he brought home to the Senate was not the bacon but a pig in the poke. They will now proceed, in their customary leisurely way, to cook it over a low fire and then carve it up to their taste, which will not be the same as the Russians'. That kind of diplomatic cookery is known as "renegotiation," and it is not on the menu of the U.S.S.R.

The applause meter was still during most of Carter's earnest exposition of the case for SALT II. It quivered only when he talked of our "strength" or about the warning he gave Brezhnev on Cubans in Africa (and, significantly, in Central America and the Caribbean). The limp response of Congress to this second halting step toward "stabilizing" the superpower arms race, as against "limiting" it, was distressing though quite predictable.

The difficulty of amending this enormous instrument can be shown by looking at almost any part of the treaty. Take, for instance and at random, the "Agreed Statement" of Paragraph 4 of Article V. It now reads, "If a bomber is equipped for ASBMs equipped with MIRVs, all bombers of that type shall be considered to be equipped for ASBMs equipped with MIRVs." Should that article "a" be changed to "one," or "a single," and should the words "any type or configuration" be added? ASBMs, by the way, are long-range air-to-surface missiles, and surely everyone knows that MIRVs, the ancestor of MARVs, are the multiple nuclear bombs that wing their separate ways to several targets from one big missile. Tons of staff papers would have to be redone on both sides before that simple article of speech could be changed. Megatons of rewritten papers would be required before the language referring to the Russians' Backfire bomber and its range could be altered. Meanwhile, the scientists in their labs at Los Alamos and Novosibirsk would be busy perfecting new horrors, unchecked even by the feeble restraints embodied in this treaty.

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In his speech Carter twice referred to himself as "leader"—a constitutional solecism and a political joke. It is precisely Carter's lack of leadership, his wavering on issues and his profound incomprehension of Congress that imperils the ratification of SALT II. When Robert Byrd, the Senate majority leader (and he is that) struts over to Moscow this summer to fiddle with the text in the Kremlin, as he surely will do, it will be a demonstration not only of the importance of the Senate's "advise and consent" role but of the weakness of this President.

Carter will never win the ratification battle if, as seems evident, he tries to do it by the numbers—those complicated equations that do or don't add up to strategic parity, equivalence or security, depending on one's degree of bellicosity. The struggle to make a second benchmark for the continuing arms race will require more skill and inspiration than the President displayed in his account of the signing at Vienna to Congress and the American people, hostages along with the rest of humanity to the uncontrolled atom.

Profits of Crime

What a piece of work is the corporation. Executives at the Lockheed Corporation were caught illegally concealing bribes to Japanese Government and business officials early in 1976. The bribes totaled $2.6 million. Another $20 million went to officials in other countries. How do you imagine these executives escaped criminal prosecution and jail? They blamed it on the corporation, as have officials at Westinghouse, Control Data and other companies before them. How do you imagine the Justice Department responded to this attempt to escape responsibility? Quietly.

It was a clever lawyer who first conceived the theory that the wrongs of the wealthy can be blamed on their companies. After all, corporations exist only in our imagination. They cannot be sent to jail. They cannot lose their right to vote or suffer other civil disabilities we impose on human felons. True, they can be fined, but this may not be so bad. Consider Lockheed again.

On June 8, Lockheed was fined $647,000 for concealing $2.6 million in bribes. The bribes were intended to encourage the purchase of twenty-one wide-bodied jets by the Japanese. So millions in profits were involved. The comparatively small fine, therefore, hardly cuts into the gain from the illegality. It's as if a man convicted of stealing $25,000 from a bank were fined $500 and allowed to keep the take.

One wonders why the Justice Department felt that this resolution of the Lockheed case served justice. It's not as if the responsible individuals could not be identified. They were. It's not as if we treat other lawbreakers this way. People who steal $100 often go to jail for years. The Lockheed case proves not only that crime pays. It proves that the right kind of crime pays even if you get caught.

Law Enforcement

At about the same time that a Federal grand jury charged Bert Lance with fifteen criminal violations of banking laws, Representative Augustus Hawkins of Watts, Calif., issued a nine-point "indictment" against President Carter for violating the Humphrey-Hawkins full employment law of 1978. Lance's indictment, involving bank loans of a mere $20 million, hit all the front pages, while Hawkins's bill of particulars on how the Administration was practicing illegal recessionary policies was ignored outside the Los Angeles area. Thus, small peccadillos, like small budgets, get big attention, while large-scale lawbreaking, involving a megabuck budget, tends to be its own justification.

Lance claims in his defense that the financial favoritism and juggling for which he was indicted is standard practice among small-town bankers. Similarly, it was the practice among Carter's predecessors in the White House—with the possible exception of Harry Truman, a Senate sponsor of the original full employment bill of 1944—to violate both the spirit and the letter of the Employment Act of 1946, Humphrey-Hawkins's predecessor.

Hawkins charges the Administration with violating specific provisions of the law that was enacted. The President is accused of (*1*) expressly aiming at increasing official unemployment from 5.9 percent at the end of 1978 to 6.2 percent for both 1979 and 1980; (*2*) reducing real economic growth goals from 4.3 percent in 1978 to 2.2 in the next two years; (*3*) doing nothing to lower the rising unemployment rates among blacks, other minorities and young people; (*4*) lowering productivity goals, as a byproduct of the depressed goals for real economic growth; (*5*) reducing Federal outlays for high-priority domestic programs, while escalating the military budget; (*6*) attempting "the self-defeating process of balancing the budget at the expense of the economy and the people"; (*7*) aiming at an overexpansion of nonresidential fixed investment relative to consumer buying power, thereby inviting future stagnation and recession; (*8*) creating an economic slowdown in a questionable effort to combat inflation, and (*9*) cutting the domestic structural programs (e.g., employment and training programs, youth-employment programs, low-income housing assistance, school lunches) mandated in the act to back up fiscal and monetary policies.

The Hawkins indictment is a valiant effort, through constructive interpretation, to replant in the law the teeth that Congress, the Administration and the behind-the-scenes lobbyists extracted. Even before the bill was sent up to the Hill, pressure from the big-business community, establishment economists and right-wing Congressmen drove Carter's chief lieutenants, Charles Schultze and Stuart Eizenstat,

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to make numerous concessions. Among them: caving in to the conservative definition of "full employment" as a tolerable level of officially defined unemployment, rather than "a situation under which there are useful and rewarding employment opportunities for all adult Americans able and willing to work"; excising Federal guarantees of last-resort jobs for the unemployed; dropping the provision setting up administrative machinery for a Job Guarantee Office and a Standby Jobs Corps; removing from the anti-inflation section any hint of price ceilings and other tough measures that would be necessary to control inflation.

The California Congressman's indictment echoes the oft-expressed view of economist Leon H. Keyserling, who negotiated the act's final version with Carter's representatives, that Carter has violated the law from the very day of its signature. Coretta Scott King and union leader Murray Finley have also demonstrated their support by circulating the indictment among the leadership of the labor, women's, religious and minority organizations in the Full Employment Action Council, of which they are co-chairpersons.

If there has been any dissent by the Administration to Hawkins's charges, it has been inaudible—as have any cries of indignation from the organizations of the F.E.A.C. Almost from the time that the long retreat from the original principles in Humphrey-Hawkins began, the enthusiasm among the F.E.A.C. for Humphrey-Hawkins has steadily abated. The energy crisis and the reappearance of double-digit inflation have further diverted the attention of both leaders and rank and file. If the Humphrey-Hawkins act is "a flag for politicians to wave," as a *New York Times* editorial called it, there are very few members of Congress and not a single would-be Presidential candidate helping Hawkins raise the banner.

In general, we agree with Michael Harrington's oft-stated view that the Humphrey-Hawkins act could be used as a springboard for further popular education, mobilization and coalition-building toward the goal of recognizing full employment as a human right. Like Representative Hawkins, we support interpreting the law in the strongest possible sense. But we also advocate going beyond it by insisting on guaranteed jobs at fair wages in real, not disappearing, money; initiating an all-out fight against inflation (see Gross, "Anti-Inflation for Progressives," *The Nation*, June 23); developing a backup package of legislation, similar in realistic toughness to Representative Ronald Dellums's proposal for a national health service, in all the areas previously listed by Senator Humphrey and, above all, organizing militant citizen action on these many fronts.

On this last point, it is encouraging to note that the Full Employment Action Council has at least supported local demonstrations by the unemployed and C.E.T.A. workers. It is time for the many thousands of people who have been victimized to do something for themselves rather than putting all trust in electoral, legislative and bureaucratic politics. The twin struggle for full employment and against inflation needs some of the nonviolent moral militance with which Gandhi and his followers tossed the British out of India and with which Martin Luther King triggered the civil rights movement of the 1960s. We suggest that the members of Congress and the organizational leaders who want to pick up these fallen flags join with the unemployed in sit-ins at employment offices, city halls or even the White House lawn. When Coretta Scott King, Murray Finley, Augustus Hawkins, Leon Keyserling or Michael Harrington take this step, we—and many others who believe in guaranteed job rights—will be delighted to join them.

BERTRAM M. GROSS

Sorry, Carll

Carll Tucker, the young editor and owner of *Saturday Review*, lamented in his column of June 23 that *The Progressive* case was "mortifying" to him as a "member of the tribe of journalists." Tucker goes on to call Erwin Knoll, the editor of *The Progressive*, either "a fool or a publicity hound" for trying to publish an article on the workings of the H-bomb, because a "hoodlum" might read it and go out and make one.

Beyond providing hoodlums with a nuclear capability, the case does raise "complex issues," Tucker admits. That is why "believers in the First Amendment are thus somewhat reluctantly springing to *The Progressive*'s defense." Actually, a lot of publications are honored to support *The Progressive*'s right to dramatize overbroad atomic secrecy by publishing material drawn from books on library shelves—or rather books that were on library shelves until the Government pulled them off and reclassified them. Nor are we in the least hesitant about deploring Judge Robert W. Warren's recent decision not to vacate the injunction against *The Progressive*. (Judge Warren refused to disclose his reasons for the ruling; apparently, in atomic secrecy cases, even the judge's thought processes are born classified.)

Tucker warns the press that its privileges come not from the courts or the Constitution but from "the People"; if the press goes too far, it will "lose the People's protection." Here Tucker is dangerously wrong. The People buy newspapers and magazines; the courts issue prior restraints or uphold civil liberties. The duty of editors is to publish unpopular stories. Given the unsavory reputation of the oil companies these days, was Tucker's willingness to print in his magazine a while back an article by Herb Schmertz, the Mobil P.R. man, an example of this?

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SECOND THOUGHTS

CAREY McWILLIAMS

Fermin Montoya, age 26, and his wife had invited a horde of relatives and in-laws to their place in Santa Barbara's West-Side barrio to celebrate their son's birthday. Late in the afternoon, Fermin, his brother and brother-in-law set out to buy food for the bash. On the way back, they stopped at Diamond Jim's Bar for a few beers and got into a jukebox scuffle with two other Chicanos. By the time they returned, the party was in full swing. But it was promptly thrown into wild panic when neighbors phoned to warn that Garcia and Ramirez—the other parties to the barroom brawl—were coming, possibly with guns, to settle the argument. Montoya, who like the others had had quite a few beers, promptly fetched his .22-caliber rifle and began to load it, while Lupe Munoz, his brother-in-law, rushed out into the street just as Garcia and Ramirez arrived. The latter jumped Lupe and roughed him up, but Lupe managed to break free and then raced into the house yelling, "They're here!" Just then Ramirez tossed a beer bottle through a window and the crashing noise sounded like a gunshot to those inside. Women screamed and twelve crying children were herded into closets or told to lie on the floor.

In the meantime, neighbors—and members of the Montoya tribe—had phoned the police. In a few minutes Officer Dan Sullivan, a five-year member of the force and a Vietnam veteran, arrived in his patrol car, parked about a block from the Montoya residence and switched off the lights. Taking his pump-action shotgun, he walked cautiously down the street, which was "extremely dark." There are virtually no street lights in Southern California barrios; street lights are for Anglo neighborhoods. Just then Montoya, unaware of the presence of police, frightened and angry, emerged from his home and began looking for Garcia and Ramirez, who had in the meantime high-tailed it. Officer Sullivan could barely see Montoya; he was "only a silhouette" in the darkened street. He readily admitted that he was frightened: "the adrenaline was pumping." So he took refuge behind a tree. A motorcycle officer who had arrived at about the same time crouched behind a parked car with drawn revolver. Not more than ten minutes had elapsed from the first police call. In a split second, shots rang out.

The evidence is conflicting as to who fired first. But three blasts from the shotgun dropped Montoya to the dusty sidewalk; later nineteen pellets were removed from his body. Police claim to have found a few expended .22 cartridges near Montoya's body, but only one could definitely be traced to his rifle. The shotgun blasts were fired from a distance of less than 20 feet. By this time, reinforcements had arrived with an ambulance and police promptly ransacked the Montoya residence. Montoya was pronounced "dead on arrival" at the hospital where, oddly enough, police—not doctors—removed the pellets from his body. Police refused to permit members of the family to phone the hospital to inquire about Fermin, and for five days would not let the family claim the body for burial.

Montoya's death promptly drew sharp protests from the Chicano community, which was angered not only by the killing itself but by the way in which the Montoya family had been treated. To quiet this criticism, the police ordered an inquest by an all-Anglo coroner's jury, which returned a verdict of "justifiable homicide in self-defense." El Concilio de la Raza, the local Chicano civic organization, vigorously rejected the verdict and called its own inquiry from which police and TV cameras were excluded.

Since then charges and countercharges have continued to reverberate. El Concilio de la Raza has sponsored an independent police review board, a proposal that the police, denying any wrongdoing, reject as unnecessary and meddlesome. The Montoya shooting closely parallels the recent shooting of Eulia Love, a 39-year-old black woman in South-Central Los Angeles about which I commented in an earlier column (May 19).

On June 2, *The Los Angeles Times* devoted a special feature to the subject, "When Should Police Shoot?," in which the relevant statutes and regulations were reviewed. Unfortunately, this feature did not come to grips with the underlying problem. Police are supposed to protect the community. This no police force can do if it is feared and has failed to win the confidence and cooperation of large minority groups. Chicano communities in Southern California fear the police, and with good reason, as do black communities from coast to coast. And nowadays, of course, police have good reason to fear blacks and Chicanos. Police officers have been gunned down for no apparent reason on occasions when they have, without drawn guns, approached blacks in parked cars or responded to routine calls in ghetto communities. "Scoping the pigs" is, indeed, a kind of street sport in some areas (see the report of the killing of two police officers near a Harlem housing project in *The New York Post*, May 24).

It is this poisonous relationship on which public attention should be focused. Better police training in the use of firearms, more detailed regulations and similar measures will not get at the root of the problem. Police must take the initiative in seeking to win the confidence, trust and cooperation of ethnic and racial elements that have good reason to fear them. Such initiatives should include active help in meeting ghetto and barrio problems (the need for better street lighting is a case in point), encouraging cooperation with the police, holding open forums to discuss mutual problems and, generally, taking measures calculated to lift the mantle of mutual fear and hostility. Nothing less will suffice. □

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ARTICLES.

PROPPING UP PARK

Koreans Who Won't Cheer Jimmy Carter

DONALD KIRK

Seoul

The brass plaque beside the front entrance to the Chosun Hotel, South Korea's premier hostelry until a half-dozen equally luxurious rivals shot up during the recent economic boom, displays its proud message in unwitting irony:

Gerald R. Ford
President
The United States of America
Stayed Here
November 22, 1974
Americana Hotel-Korea Tourist Service

The regime of President Park Chung Hee took as much pride in its ties with the White House as the management of the Chosun, but a number of intellectuals, religious figures and opposition politicians hold quite different memories of Ford's visit. They recall that after Ford went home, Park, buoyed by the show of Presidential support, began persecuting his opponents with fresh vigor, and they fear a tragic repetition after President Carter's stopover here this month.

One of those holding such anxieties is the Rev. In Myung Gin, a Presbyterian clergyman who was jailed for seven months last year for delivering a sermon laden with biblical quotations about the "evil" of men in high places. He regards President Carter's visit as "very dangerous," he told me as we stood outside the small office in a crowded factory district where he counsels young workers on their rights in a worsening struggle against inflation and profiteering. "After he goes, many people worry, many will go to jail."

This is precisely what happened after the Ford visit. In early 1975, the Government cracked down on critical, muckraking reporting at two leading newspapers. The word was passed to businessmen not to advertise, and many of the reporters involved in the new-style journalism were forced to resign. Next, in order to discourage spring student demonstrations, eight persons were executed after being held for a year of brutal questioning. They were found guilty in secret trials of charges that they had formed a People's Revolutionary Party to spread North Korean influence on South Korean campuses. (The charges, many felt, were trumped up and the People's Revolutionary Party a fiction.) In May, Park issued Emergency Decree Nine, which outlawed any criticism of his Yushin or "reform" Constitution, promulgated under martial law in 1972 to centralize his rule.

The Government's vendetta against its critics intensified after Carter took office, despite the new Administration's human rights rhetoric. The main reason is not fear of a North Korean attack, as Park's apologists would have Americans believe but increasing unease about the nation's florid economic boom. The overheated economy generated a gross national product of $46 billion last year compared with $34.4 billion the year before and $7.5 billion in 1969. Inflation is galloping along at an annual rate of 20 percent. That official figure is deceptively low, however. Skyrocketing increases in rent, food and fuel mean that the cost of living as reflected in ordinary peoples' budgets is rising by 35 percent annually. Wages, in the meantime, have been going up an average of only 30 percent.

Government planners airily acknowledge the dilemma and talk about slowing down development, conveniently forgetting their refusal to heed the warnings of economists more than two years ago. For the first time, the Park Government is faced with the threat of serious social unrest among an agricultural and industrial work force that believes it has not shared the fruits of the boom. Opponents of the regime have a potentially explosive issue that invites comparison with Iran. Members of the Reverend In's study group, one of twenty branches of the church-sponsored Urban Industrial Mission, told me the price most Koreans must pay for others' prosperity.

"Our labor law says we work only six days a week," said a young woman who had spent the past seven years spinning and starching thread, "but now we have no more Sundays off and work seven days." If she should report the workers' grievances to the Government, she went on, "I get into trouble and maybe lose my job." The factory, of course, is designed for maximum output and minimum comfort: "They starch with boiling water, and it is very, very hot. Cotton flies around, and it is very dusty." If the women work too slowly the foremen grab them by the hair and shake them. Daily pay averages 2,000 won—approximately $4.

Against the alliance of power-hungry officials and profiteering owners, the workers are helpless. They are forbidden by law to strike; and the only unions allowed are controlled by the Government. In one factory, a worker told me, supervisors announced the winner of an "election" for union representative without bothering to hold the election. In another, a manager summoned workers to a meeting, handed out blank ballots and dictated the name of the shop stew-

Donald Kirk, the author of two books on Indochina, specializes in reporting from abroad.

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ard for whom they were to vote. Often company bureaucrats simply appoint foremen as union leaders with no pretense of a vote. The Korean Central Intelligence Agency, the national security police, prosecutors and courts move in unison against anyone who might successfully organize workers or farmers.

One of the most notorious episodes of K.C.I.A. interference occurred at the Dong Il textile factory in Inchon in February 1978. A woman connected with the Inchon branch of the Urban Industrial Mission had emerged as the leading candidate for president of the factory union. On the day of the election, a gang of goons invaded the union's headquarters carrying buckets of excrement. They smeared it all over the office, threw some at the female workers, called them "whores" and totally disrupted the election. Eight or ten policemen, asked beforehand to supervise the voting, stood by laughing derisively among themselves.

The attack had a galvanizing effect upon an incipient labor movement. On at least six occasions, workers fought police either at the plant or outside the courtrooms at which a number of them were tried. Dong Il bosses dismissed 126 workers for having refused to sign loyalty pledges to the company after going out on a hunger strike. In one especially daring display of defiance, six young women from other factories seized a microphone at the start of an Easter sunrise service before half a million people massed in May 16 Square, which is named for the date of the revolution that vaulted Park to power in 1961. The women shouted for the workers' three basic rights—to organize, demonstrate and bargain. They were arrested in less than a minute and all received sentences of six months in prison.

"My company fired me," one of the women told me. "I used another name and got a new job. Now it's hell. We work eight hours for six days a week and twelve hours on Sundays. We no longer get a day off for our periods. We're so strictly controlled, they even say when we can go to the bathroom."

The regime's concern has deepened with the dawning awareness that in a time of rising oil prices and increasing competition from other cheap labor markets, notably Taiwan, Hong Kong and Singapore, the Korean economic bubble could burst. The Government has always harassed and mistreated social critics, but the Dong Il case precipitated a new phase of overt repression of labor activists. Last September, police in plain clothes swarmed over a prayer meeting in Seoul, severely beating worshippers and ministers discussing the case. A corollary of the current crackdown has been a resumption, after a year-and-a-half's hiatus, of such torture techniques as electric shocks and forced squatting with bars behind the knees.

The K.C.I.A.'s single most determined effort this year has been to destroy an educational program for farmers and workers conducted by the Korean Christian Academy with funds donated by church groups in West Germany, Canada and Great Britain. Since March 9, K.C.I.A. operatives have arrested and questioned some 200 Christian Academy staff members and students. Six teachers have been charged with violation of the "anti-Communist" law of 1961, which prohibits "praising, encouraging or siding with" what the law calls "anti-state" activities. Korean officials claim that the six, who taught courses in rural and labor leadership and women's rights, were drawing their lessons from a text on women's emancipation and a history of ideology, among other suspect sources.

"The K.C.I.A. and the prosecutor dare insist our people are against the anti-Communist law and consciously or unconsciously help North Korea," said the Christian Academy's deputy director, Park Kyung Seo. "They don't show any connection with North Korea. Instead, they call this group a self-born socialist-oriented confidential organization." The K.C.I.A. skillfully contended that it was not challenging the right of the academy to carry out its functions but merely investigating the misdeeds of some of its employees. The academy's director, Dr. Kang Won Yong, was released after eight days—a sure sign, said the K.C.I.A., that it had nothing against him or his projects.

In fact, the K.C.I.A. subjected all the primary "suspects" to long-established methods of interrogation, including beatings, and placed members of their families under house arrest. A score of hard-faced young men, readily identified as K.C.I.A. agents and security police by their short haircuts, neatly pressed suits and bored, somber countenances, watched the entrances to a packed prayer meeting that I attended here, at which speakers described the academy's activities and what had happened. (One agent, identifying himself only as a "Government servant," asked me several times why I was there and warned me against consorting with "people you do not know.")

A young farmer summarized the grievances resulting from official attempts at holding down the price of rice and other crops. "The farmers do not get enough for their rice to pay for their expenses," he said. "The price has stayed the same for four years." He blamed high taxes for depriving farmers of their savings while disease had ruined much of a crop of high-yield rice planted on Government orders. The farmer's complaints hit on some of the more sensitive problems aggravating a dwindling rural populace, 45 percent of South Korea's 37.6 million people. The bureaucracy, in its drive to guarantee cheap labor for the factories, has had to keep food prices low. Thus, the farmers also suffer.

A woman who had avoided house arrest by staying with friends reported on her visit to see her husband in prison. He told her he had endured "only the usual kinds of torture"—beatings, a few cigarette burns and jabs with ballpoint pens around his mouth. One of the female prisoners, responsible for the Christian

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Academy's program for women, had still not recovered. "She was badly bruised," said the speaker. "They now are giving her daily baths and sunlight, trying to get rid of the marks before the trial." For the first five days after her arrest, the K.C.I.A. asked her alternately if she thought Dr. Kang was a Communist and if she had had sexual relations with him.

The K.C.I.A. agents at the entrances occasionally smirked and grinned knowingly but did not interrupt. It was as if the authorities had declared a truce before Carter's visit. Under American diplomatic pressure, the Government also reversed a decision expelling foreign missionaries who had signed a letter that called upon President Carter to cancel his trip because it "could be used to suggest unqualified support" of Park's policies. Kim Dae Jung, still the best-known opposition politician after thirty-three months' imprisonment and enforced hospitalization, attributed American failure in Vietnam to concern with "security" rather than "democracy," and forecast disaster here too if Carter compromised on human rights. "We Koreans never risk lives for security alone," he said in an interview with me at his home, which is under twenty-four-hour K.C.I.A. surveillance.

Predictably, Korean authorities were delighted with what one young American-educated political scientist at the Government's Institute of Foreign Affairs and National Security told me were signs that Carter had adopted a "pragmatic" outlook and was now likely to retract his pledge to pull out America's ground troops. For Park's opponents, the prospect that Carter would abandon his moral commitment raised the specter of a much crueler betrayal than American troop withdrawal. "Our enemies do not like to show their face just before Carter comes," said a Christian Academy official, "but no one knows what they will do after he has left us." □

WHAT'S A PERSON-HOUR WORTH?

Job Valuation-Bias for Hire

SYLVIA KRONSTADT

Engineers, teachers and computer programmers are "worth" less today, relatively speaking, than they were ten years ago. A celebrity's fifteen-second commercial appearance is "worth" more than the full year's labors of thirty skilled factory operatives. Denver's Career Service Authority, a nationally recognized "model personnel system," has calculated that tree-trimmers and traffic-signal mechanic trainees are worth more than hospital nurses. Accountants are worth more than social workers, maitre d's more than coal miners, postal workers more than farm laborers.

The concept of worth—with its intimations of simplicity and justice—is intrinsic to all economies. But in a market society, the regal logic of inherent value is displaced by vastly more complex (if not convoluted) considerations, even when it is simply the worth of tangible goods that is being gauged. But when the question is the relative worth of various kinds of human labor, the issue is forced into a more dramatically moral and philosophical context. On what basis ought we to pay one good day's work more than another? Can one man's labor conceivably be "worth" a quarter-million dollars a year, while another's is worth only $7,000?

Like most determinations in our economy, the value of human labor has been a variable of supply and demand (scarcely a barometer of real worth) perverted by forces of tradition, prejudice and power (most recently that of unions). Stereotypes about the "worth" of various functions and the people who perform them have been encouraged, in some cases created, and typically perpetuated by this system.

The inequities of "free enterprise" as applied to human labor suggested long ago a need for some objective criteria by which the relative worth of various jobs could be measured and appropriately compensated. Formal job-worth analysis began as a theoretical exercise of progressive academics and then a wartime procedure for establishing fair pay scales. In the young labor movement, equitable pay scales had a high urgency, and became an important element in collective-bargaining packages. The results were painstakingly negotiated blue-collar hierarchies. Today, most enterprises and institutions of any size have systematized their pay structures—increasingly with the help of outside experts—and 4,100 corporations, each a member of the American Compensation Association, employ a full-time compensation officer.

Not surprisingly, job-worth analysis has become a weapon on both sides in battles over employment discrimination. Because the vast majority of working women are segregated into traditionally female (and thus low-paying) jobs, the "equal pay for equal work" principle has not led to any improvement in their compensation compared with men's (according to the latest Department of Labor figures, women make only 57 percent of the average wage paid to men). And so a new theory of "equal pay for work of equal value" has emerged. In a number of major lawsuits, plaintiffs have retained job-worth experts to testify that women or minority-group members performing tasks equivalent in skill, effort and responsibility to those of white males are paid less.

There are two basic, sometimes conflicting, objec-

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tives in job-worth analysis: internal equity and market comparability. The former calls for a pay hierarchy that differentiates fairly among employees by taking into account skill, effort, responsibility and working conditions. The latter involves the use of wage surveys to determine the "going rate"—the wage necessary to attract and retain a satisfactory work force.

Some job-evaluation systems address the ranking problem in very simple ways, i.e., merely slotting jobs in an organization from highest to lowest. Another approach, developed in the 1960s by Elliott Jacques, grades jobs in terms of the amount of time the employee is exercising his or her own discretion while doing the work. Other methods require analysts to make separate judgments for selected job criteria (physical effort, for example) and accord a numerical value to each.

One of the most complex and best-known job-worth systems is the Hay method, developed in the late 1930s by Edward N. Hay, a civil engineer and corporate personnel officer. In 1941, he founded Hay Associates, a management consulting firm. Hay died in 1958, and more than twenty years after its founding the firm was still earning less than $1 million a year. But over the next ten years—from 1966 to 1976—Hay Associates acquired a national reputation as an expert witness for large corporate defendants in employment-discrimination suits, testifying for clients such as NBC, General Electric, Prudential Insurance and Coca-Cola. The methodology Hay had described as "so simple and logical that busy executives can learn to use it in an hour" became the foundation of a business with a $25 million annual profit, 650 employees and offices in seventeen countries. Hay's system has been installed —often at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars— in 4,500 institutions, government bureaucracies and some of the largest corporations in the world.

The basic tools of the Hay system are the three "precise and neutral" copyrighted Hay Guide Charts covering the job-evaluation criteria of Know-How, Problem-Solving and Accountability. The charts involve grids, with each "cell" in the grid representing a numerical increment. The problem-solving chart, for example, depicts quantitatively the "thinking challenge" of a job, based on whether the evaluator "senses" that the challenge is repetitive, patterned, interpolative, adaptive or uncharted. The "thinking environment" is rated according to where the position's "thought requirements" are located on an eight-level scale ranging from "strict routine" through "standardized" and culminating in "abstractly defined." The other charts "sense" such criteria as "ordinary courtesy required" and whether the job's know-how can more appropriately be characterized as "seasoned-technical-specialized" or "broad mastery."

"The point values for each job are added up, and then a salary structure is established by plotting a scattergram," Charles W. Van Horn, a general partner in Hay's Philadelphia office, explains. "At that point, you align yourself with prevailing wage rates in the marketplace. This is a sound, universally applicable way to measure relative job content."

Job-worth analysis theoretically removes caprice, prejudice and arbitrariness from decisions as to how much each employee will be paid. But for all its aura of neutrality and cold rationality, job-worth analysis is drenched in value judgments. Job descriptions, for example, have typically been drafted to downgrade women, according to Bert Gottlieb, a prominent expert witness for plaintiffs in race- and sex-discrimination suits. "They'll say a female employee 'operates a variety of machines' and for the male jobs, they'll *list* every machine, every possible responsibility, in impressive detail," he says.

More subtle is the extent to which biases are built into the criteria themselves and their relative weighting. Criteria can clearly favor executive and administrative personnel, giving greatest weight to education, supervisory duties, managing and interpreting. Or they may value the physical effort of a laborer more highly than the mental skills and responsibilities of an office worker. The Hay system gives forty-eight times more weight to responsibility than to working conditions such as extreme heat, isolation and danger. Hay also defines the magnitude of a job's "accountability" exclusively in terms of the amount of money an individual oversees.

Few systems consider work environment, job monotony, mental stress and lack of recognition and prestige, thus perpetuating a system in which those who have the worst jobs are penalized financially for it. The criteria applied in a university are different from those in a corporation, according to Jerry Hoag of Robert H. Hayes Associates, whose clients have included M.I.T., Northwestern and Princeton. The Hayes method involves asking forty questions about each job and assigning a point value to each. "In a university, the criteria emphasize qualities like communication, creativity, freedom. Those things don't get much weight in a corporate evaluation, where the structure is more authoritarian," he says. Van Horn implicitly admits the value judgments inherent in the Hay system: "We've tried to install the system in other cultures and, frankly, when they have values other than the dollar sign, we don't know how to handle it."

Job-worth analysis has been used to justify and perpetuate discriminatory pay practices, according to Dr. George Hagglund of the University of Wisconsin's School for Workers. "To avoid charges of sex discrimination, some employers are changing job-evaluation systems, redesigning jobs and redrafting job descriptions to avoid the high economic costs necessary to right past wrongs," he says. "Job-worth analysis can provide an aura of rationalism and respectability for whatever anyone wants to do."

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The management consulting firms that make such charades possible are called "hired guns" (and worse) by their critics. "These outfits may use different terminology but they're all selling the same goddamn thing," Bert Gottlieb declares. "They're *management* consulting firms—dependent on retainers from large corporations. They build their clients' biases solidly into their outcomes."

Robert Thrash, chief of the Civil Service Commission's Pay Development Section, worked for several years for a prominent job-evaluation firm. "Anyone can develop a system to prove that any one job is worth more than any other," he says. "All these systems are designed to validate a predetermined conclusion."

A former employee of Hay Associates, now a consultant to governmental personnel systems, has this description of Hay's procedure: "They find out first what the client wants to hear. Then they go out and gather all this information, go into a back room with a little black box and emerge magically with the desired result."

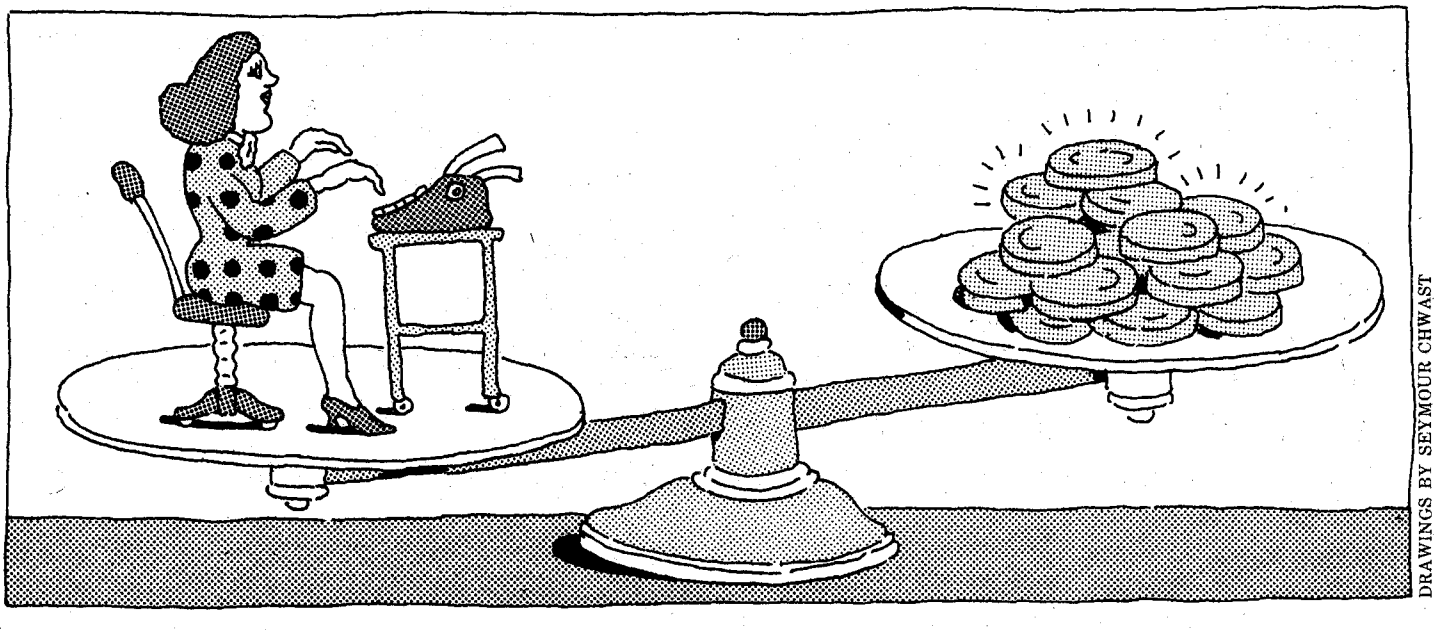
The experiences of Idaho and Washington and also of the Federal Civil Service reveal the problems of trying to achieve internal equity. Money is one. If a job-worth study, for example, shows that secretaries are being paid less than they deserve relative to carpenters, employers feel compelled to raise the secretaries' wages, rather than lower the carpenters'. One reason for this is the need to pay their carpenters the going rate in the marketplace so that an outside firm won't hire them away. If the Washington State Legislature actually follows through on its commitment to comparable worth, it could cost an estimated $71 million annually, says Personnel Director Leonard Nord.

Depending upon the motives and sensitivities of those paying for and performing job-worth studies, inequity can be either perpetuated or diminished. The Idaho Personnel Commission, for example, installed the Hay system in 1977, as have numerous other states and municipalities. According to Personnel Commissioner Charles Roberts, "The whole clerical series—almost all women—went up in pay tremendously. And our nurses each received an annual increase of $2,100 to $4,800. But we hired Hay with this kind of reform as our stated goal." (The city and county of Denver, on the other hand, hired Hay Associates to *discount* nurses' charges that they were underpaid, and Hay complied.)

Idaho is paying both more and less than the private sector for various positions, and is criticized both ways. "Where we're 'overpaying'—primarily to women—there are all kinds of cries from industry, saying the government is competing unfairly for personnel—that we shouldn't be a wage-setter," Roberts says. "And we aren't popular with taxpayers, either."

Idaho's internal equity is already damaged at the other end, where trades, crafts and physicians were being "underpaid" relative to the market, as a result of the job evaluation. In order to retain its work force in these areas, Idaho had to create "artificial pay grades" that are competitive with prevailing salaries in the professions. But that represents a partial abandonment of a system in which skill, effort and responsibility are the determinants of relative worth.

The Federal Civil Service System's General Schedule is certainly one of the United States' most ambitious and progressive job-evaluation endeavors. The Federal Government's commitment to "equal pay for equal work" was first expressed in the Classification Act of 1923, which mandated "position classification." In 1949, the General Schedule was enacted, grouping into "grades" positions that were substantially similar in skill, effort and responsibility, even though they varied widely with respect to nature and substance of work. Today 1.4 million white-collar workers are classified into eighteen grades, and a market survey of twenty "benchmark" occupations at eighty work levels is averaged to determine pay ranges for each grade.



DRAWINGS BY SEYMOUR CHWAST

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"We have always aligned jobs around the principle of internal equity, in spite of the market," says Paul Katz, the chief of the Civil Service Commission's Standards Division. "For example, our point system indicates that first-level accountants, second-level secretaries, computer operators and recently graduated engineers ought to be in the same pay grade—that they're of 'comparable worth.' Out in the marketplace, those four jobs would get from $9,500 for the secretary to $14,000 for the engineer, but we would average them out and pay something like $12,000 to each."

In 1977, a new Civil Service evaluation of nurses led to the upgrading of their G.S. level from 7 and 8 to 9, resulting in a minimum $2,500 yearly raise. "There's been an outcry over the increase from the private sector," Katz says. "But I say 'sorry—I've got a law that says *equity*.' Notwithstanding what the market pays, our analysis shows that a nurse's job is certainly as difficult as a Social Security claims representative in Des Moines. We're proud and happy to pay them what they deserve."

But the system of internal equity that Katz describes with such pride appears seriously jeopardized. The Comparability Acts of the 1960s set in motion a trend toward bringing Federal pay levels in line with pay practices in the private sector, culminating in "total comparability." The criterion of comparability means that the philosophical as well as economic question, "what is he worth?" is brushed aside with a curt "what do we have to pay to get him?" The defenders of this "regulating impact" of supply and demand typically are ensconced in those elegantly exempt job classes that—through tradition and power—are maintained at a level that no reasonable system of job evaluation could endorse, either on the basis of skill, effort and responsibility or of supply and demand. A whole executive and managerial class would lose its exalted financial status, and others (specifically women) would gain if job evaluations achieved what they should, according to Graef Crystal, president of Towers, Forster, Parrin and Crosby.

But those executives and managers have profits, as well as their own gilded perches, to defend. And that is where the elaborate structure of job-worth analysis collapses: its practitioners have little motivation to address the fundamental moral question of how to define the worth of human labor and fairly compensate it. No matter what a well-conceived and humane analysis determines about the worth of various jobs, the analysts know that businessmen in a free enterprise context are rarely willing to pay more than they have to. Thus, age-old prejudices are perpetuated by a system in which the "going rate" is the closest thing to an ethical arbiter.

A truly equitable job-worth system would attend to questions of justice inherent in paying one kind of good day's work more than another—of rewarding the man who reviews memorandums and takes two-hour lunches twenty times more than someone else, whose effort and stresses are different but genuine, whose needs are equivalent and whose labor has far fewer rewards and far less prestige attached to it. If and when it ever reaches a level of substance and maturity, job-worth analysis will have to value all the things that people do, give, risk and put up with, and will not further penalize those who perform the least pleasant, least stimulating tasks by concluding how little they are "worth." □

CARIBBEAN COINTELPRO

Red Alert in Puerto Rico

WILLIAM LICHTENSTEIN
and DAVID WIMHURST

"I want you to be advised that a more positive effort must be made not only to curtail but to actively disrupt the activities of Puerto Rican nationalists."

With those words Federal Bureau of Investigation Director J. Edgar Hoover launched a campaign of harassment against the Puerto Rican independence movement. Hoover's 1960 memorandum was among the more than 500 official documents, letters and memorandums recently released to the Puerto Rican Socialist Party under the Freedom of Information Act.

The campaign was carried out through the F.B.I.'s Counterintelligence Program (COINTELPRO) and included anonymous letters and pamphlets, telephone surveillance, paid informants and psychological harassment. Given the overwhelming documentation of COINTELPRO actions against the Black Panthers, Young Lords, Socialist Workers Party and other radical groups, it should come as no surprise that the Puerto Rican groups were also a target.

The timing of Hoover's memorandum further explains why the Puerto Rican groups were singled out for the COINTELPRO treatment. The memo was dated August 1960—twenty months after the Cuban revolution and one year after the formation of the Movement for Puerto Rican Independence. The impact of Fidel Castro's victory and its implications for the Caribbean put American intelligence agencies on a kind of Red alert. A justification had to be found, however, for the F.B.I.'s intervention into Puerto Rico's internal affairs, and Hoover worked out this rationale in 1961: "The internal security situation in Puerto Rico is unique because of its strategic location away from the continental United States and its historic relationship with Latin America. The conditions which exist in places like Latin America contribute to

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the dangerousness of Communism and nationalism."

In another memo, Hoover outlined the tactics to be employed, and set the tone for F.B.I. COINTELPRO activities for the next decade:

> The Bureau believes this program can be effective [wrote Hoover to the Special Agent in Charge (S.A.C.), San Juan] and we suggest that the following tactics be employed . . . the use of informants to disrupt the movement and create dissension within the groups . . . the use of handwritten letters to plant the seeds of suspicion between various factions . . . the use of anonymous mailings concerning Puerto Rico's relationship with the United States to be sent to subjects within the independence movement who may be psychologically affected by such information.

Hoover also suggested the use of phony political leaflets printed by the F.B.I. to split various pro-independence groups.

Hoover received a reply from the S.A.C., San Juan, two days later. "These suggestions are just the beginning," wrote the agent, "and they in no way cover the vast field of possibilities in the counterintelligence program."

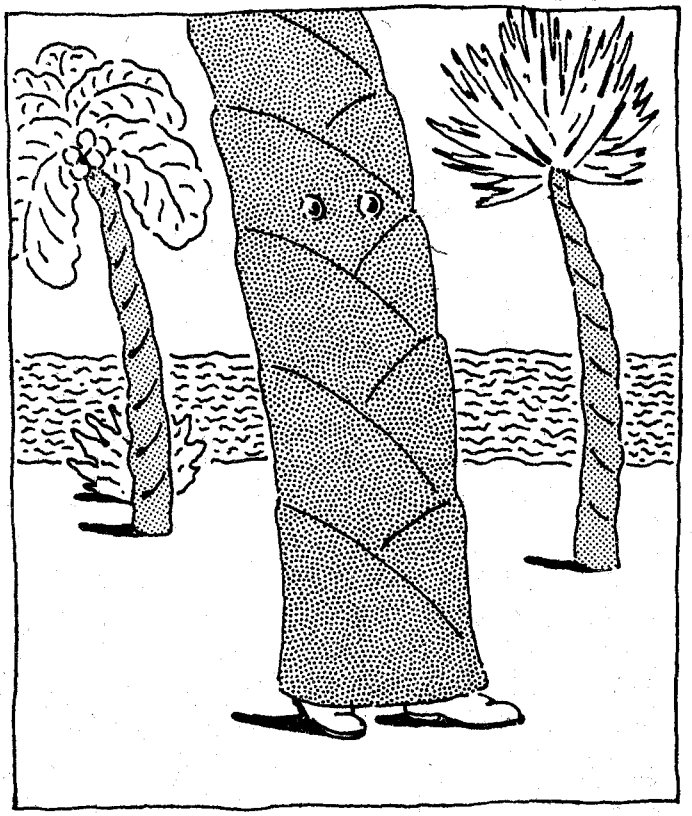
The case of Juan Mari Bras, who for more than three decades has been the leader of the Puerto Rican Socialist Party (P.S.P.), and its predecessor the Movimiento Pro-Independencia (M.P.I.), shows the lengths to which the F.B.I. would go to immobilize a Puerto Rican activist.

According to the documents, the F.B.I. began sending anonymous letters to groups working with the P.S.P. shortly before an important national election in 1964. The letters charged that Bras was incompetent, and that he had close ties to the Cuban Government. While the letters failed to cause the intended disruption, they may have taken their toll on the middle-aged Bras. On August 21, 1964, Bras suffered a serious heart attack and had to be hospitalized.

Whatever the cause of the attack, the F.B.I. agents who had been harassing him took the credit. In a letter to Hoover, they theorized that "the anonymous letters did nothing to ease his tensions, and that he felt the effects of them deeply." Buoyed by their success, they suggested that the campaign against Bras should be continued.

Sure enough, the effort was renewed in 1967, shortly before a national plebiscite on Puerto Rican independence. The P.S.P. was promoting a general boycott of the election on the ground that the referendum was merely advisory, and that the results were not binding on Congress. Anonymous letters bearing the letterhead of a fictitious political group called the "Grupo Pro-Uso Voto del M.P.I.," were mailed, containing accusations that the M.P.I. was "soliciting the help of Castro, Guevara and other Cuban hoodlums . . ." and denouncing Bras's boycott. This attempt to factionalize the pro-independence groups proved unsuccessful.

In early 1969 the F.B.I. decided to resort to more direct means of disruption. Several tactics from the F.B.I.'s repertory of dirty tricks were employed,



including one known as "snitch jacketing": "The F.B.I. left what appeared to be an informer's report of one M.P.I. youth leader in the car of Juan Mari Bras, in order to cause the immediate expulsion of the youth and disruption in the M.P.I."

The S.A.C., San Juan, wrote to Washington that he was pleased with the success of this action, adding, "The only problem was that we had to write to our agent in Detroit to get the master key to Bras's car."

The F.B.I. kept up their attacks on Bras throughout the late 1960s. On May 28, 1969, the S.A.C., San Juan, wrote to Hoover that an unsigned libelous letter concerning Bras's personal life had been sent to other leaders of the M.P.I. "Mari continues to be seen with (censored)," the letter read. "If you are too much of a fool to resent being a cuckold, I as a friend will not allow it to go on. If you will not stop this, I will expose this fat clown to all, including our friend (censored) of the press."

The Puerto Rican Socialist Party was not the only organization that was a target of F.B.I. harassment. A former employee of the San Juan F.B.I. office, Gloria Teresa Caldas de Blanco, revealed in a sworn affidavit that similar actions were carried out against other Puerto Rican independence groups. Her statement is contained in the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights' *Report of Anti-Independentista Repression in Puerto Rico.*

"Part of the harassment," she testified, "consisted in maintaining an active record of no less than 150 independentista leaders and militants, including ... the President of the P.I.P. (Puerto Rican Independence Party), Ruben Berrios Martinez; members and leaders of the F.U.P.I. (University Students for Independence) and the F.E.P.I. (High School Students for

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Independence). . . . I saw F.B.I. officers bringing mail into the office addressed to independentista leaders and militants . . . the mail was read and those parts which were of interest were filed in the record; sometimes the mail was returned to the Post Office, but other times the complete communication was left in the F.B.I. files. . . ."

Another case of F.B.I. harassment involved Delphin Ramos, a Puerto Rican independence activist, who spent almost two years in jail after being accused by the F.B.I. of possessing explosives. When the Bureau informed the court that it never had any evidence to prosecute the case, Federal District Court Judge Juan R. Torruellas said, "In all my years as a judge, I have never seen anything as incredible and scandalous on the part of the U.S. prosecutors."

Another official reaction came from the Senate Select Committee investigating the COINTELPRO operations. In its report, released in 1976, the Senate Committee said, "In the course of COINTELPRO's fifteen-year history a number of individual actions may have violated specific criminal statutes. These activities, which in some cases involve the risk of serious bodily injury, or even death to the target, can only be described as abhorrent in a free society."

While the F.B.I. officially claims that COINTELPRO activities ended in 1971, a recent analysis of the documents by three University of Puerto Rico professors suggests that they have not: "There should be no illusion that because COINTELPRO is said to have stopped, the persecution of the Puerto Rican liberation movement by U.S. intelligence agencies has ceased. . . . These memorandums even announce that "disruptive tactics will continue on a highly selective individual basis with tight procedures to ensure absolute secrecy." This theory received some confirmation when a former F.B.I. man told *The New York Times* that COINTELPRO-type operations were still going on when he left the Bureau in mid-1974. The F.B.I. declined comment when asked if such suggestions were true. "The documents speak for themselves—we have nothing to add," said Pauline Tommensen, Washington Press Officer for the F.B.I.

A leader of the Puerto Rican Socialist Party in New York, Andy Torres, says that while he assumes that COINTELPRO activities are continuing, he is not morally offended by the F.B.I.'s actions. "The F.B.I. is dealing with a national liberation movement which is older than the agency itself," Torres says, "the F.B.I. is a conscientious organization and it takes its work seriously. Unless the U.S. Government has decided it is going to let the people of Puerto Rico define their own history and future, then I don't see how anyone could think that the F.B.I. would limit itself to investigating specific acts of violence. I can't take moral offense in the sense that they are simply doing what one would expect a U.S. intelligence agency to do—they are trying to destroy a liberation movement which is dangerous to American interests."

As the documents indicate, the F.B.I. spent more than eleven years attempting to stifle the growth of the Puerto Rican independence movement. In doing so, the Bureau played an active role in American foreign policy in the Caribbean in violation of the laws that prohibit it from engaging in foreign intelligence activities.

President Carter said in October 1977 that "Puerto Ricans can have anything they want." But the people of Puerto Rico have not yet been allowed to decide what the future status of their country will be. Whatever their choice—maintaining Puerto Rico's present Commonwealth status, becoming the fifty-first state or declaring independence—they must be allowed to decide, free from outside interference. The Puerto Rican people's right to self-determination should be openly guaranteed. And that means a public pledge from the highest levels of the Carter Administration that all F.B.I. and other U.S. intelligence activities on the island of Puerto Rico have ceased. □

THE *WOLFISH* CASE

Bad Time in The Bail Jail

HERMAN SCHWARTZ

Supreme Court Justices don't often lash out publicly at their High Court brethren, but that's what Justice Thurgood Marshall did at a judges' conference last month. Angry and frustrated at being in an almost permanent minority on human rights issues, Marshall attacked the Court for "insufficient protection to constitutional rights." One immediate cause of his outburst was a decision a week earlier upholding certain harsh policies at the Federal jail in New York City, where Federal defendants who can't afford bail are kept to await trial. *Bell* v. *Wolfish* was the Supreme Court's first opportunity to consider conditions at pre-trial facilities, and if Marshall's strictures are justified, the Supreme Court has made prisoners' lives even grimmer.

"Brutal, filthy cesspools of crime" is the way Richard W. Velde, former administrator of the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, described the typical American jail, where defendants who can't make bail are sent. We have more than 4,000 such places and confine more than 150,000 people there on any given day; millions spend some time in jail each year. Most jails are old, some more than a century.

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Many are overcrowded—two or more inmates in a small cell is not uncommon, with some sleeping on floors and in corridors. Few have any exercise or recreation facilities, and about half don't even provide medical care. A recent Federal report concluded that most local jails are filthy, unpainted, badly heated, damp, unhealthy and unsafe. The 30,000 or so people who work there, according to Velde, "are the most uneducated, untrained and poorly paid of all personnel in the criminal justice system—and furthermore, there aren't enough of them."

The results are predictable: riots, suicides, beatings, harsh discipline, homosexual rape, overuse of solitary confinement, assaults on guards. Not surprisingly, administrators are preoccupied with security. In Florida, Baltimore and Washington, D.C., hospitalized inmates have been shackled to their beds with handcuffs and leg irons, sometimes for weeks; in Pittsburgh, detainees were totally deprived of bed sheets; letters and newspapers have been censored, especially if they were critical of the jailers; in the name of security, parents have been kept from children; in Brooklyn, a warden banned legal materials because he didn't want to be sued; detainees have been disciplined by being put in bare windowless cells with a hole in the floor for a toilet.

All of these terrible conditions make the jails where we keep presumptively innocent people much worse than the prisons where we keep convicted criminals. And the unfairness in this irony is compounded by the fact that detainees are in prison only because they're too poor to buy their freedom. (The Mitchells and the Lances aren't even asked to put up bail.) The only generally accepted purpose for imprisoning people who are still innocent in the eyes of the law is to make sure they show up for trial. A few years ago, a great deal of energy went into trying to change this. It was pretty clear that the ability to post money bail had nothing to do with who shows up for trial, and that pretrial confinement not only imprisons the poor unnecessarily but makes it harder for them to defend themselves. These efforts fizzled. Although the conditions for pre-trial release have been eased a little in some places, the basic system is unchanged, partly because the Supreme Court has been largely indifferent to injustices created by poverty. Last October, the General Accounting Office, Congress's investigative arm, reported that the Federal bail process, perhaps the most enlightened in the country, fosters inequities.

The new Federal jail in New York City, known as the Metropolitan Correctional Center, is not a typical dungeon, however. Designed to incorporate the latest in penological planning, the center was built around ten self-contained units, each consisting of private rooms and dormitories, carpeting and barless windows. The purpose was to "produce a more 'homelike' atmosphere," and the maximum capacity was set at 449 inmates.

It hasn't worked out that way. By November 1975, three months after the jail opened, it was bursting. Inmates slept in corridors under twenty-four-hour lights; ten-person dormitories were made to accommodate twenty, and one of every three single-person rooms was double-bunked. The administration also imposed severe restrictions on mail, books, packages and visits. Perhaps most resented were searches of inmates' anal and genital areas: after a visit, an inmate had to strip, bend over, lift his genitals, if a male, spread the buttocks and display the anal cavity for a visual inspection by the correctional officer; women had to submit to a vaginal inspection. The trial court found that correction officers had made insultingly suggestive remarks "and threats in the time of nakedness to 'put [a] foot up [the] ass' or merely to 'kick the ass' of the humbled prisoners." Not surprisingly, some inmates gave up their visits.

A jailhouse lawyer named Louis Wolfish promptly sued the Attorney General, challenging these and many other restrictions. After an inspection of the facility and a lengthy trial featuring numerous experts, Federal Judge Marvin E. Frankel ruled that because pretrial detainees were entitled to the presumption of innocence, only "compelling necessity" could justify substantial restrictions. He ordered some twenty changes, including an end to double-celling and to unrestricted body searches. The appellate court upheld most of his rulings and the Bureau of Prisons decided to go to the Supreme Court.

The Justice Department was actually caught in a dilemma. In suits against local jails, the Civil Rights Division had consistently challenged double-celling, searches and other restrictions imposed on pre-trial detainees, arguing that they violated the Constitution and the presumption of innocence. The Metropolitan Correctional Center's rules also violated the Justice Department's own Draft Standards for Corrections released last June. On the other hand, the Department's Bureau of Prisons had a lot invested in the center; it was a model jail, colorful and carpeted. And it was the best possible case for prison administrators to take to the High Court.

Prisoners' rights groups tried to dissuade Attorney General Griffin Bell from seeking Supreme Court review, but failed. Not only did the Government appeal but it took a very hard line, calling for almost total deference to jail administrators; its own Draft Standards and the Civil Rights Division's position to the contrary were brushed aside as irrelevant.

In a 6-to-3 decision written by the ultraconservative William H. Rehnquist, the Supreme Court bought the Justice Department arguments almost entirely. The Court ruled that a jail administrator did not have to show a "compelling necessity" for restrictions on pre-trial detainees, but only that he acted "rationally" and without a "punitive" intent. The presumption of innocence was said to be only a procedural rule "allocating the burden of proof in criminal trials . . . with no application to the rights of a pretrial detainee during confinement before his trial." Every one of the five challenged practices was upheld, including body searches and double-celling.

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How severe a blow *Wolfish* inflicts on prison reform will depend on how the lower courts react to it. Most jails and prisons are still terrible places, but they were far worse ten years ago. That was when lawyers began going to Federal court to insist on constitutional rights for prisoners in such matters as food, discipline, physical abuse, medicine, censorship, visits and the like. In decisions affecting jails and prisons in every state, courts have ordered improvements and prodded administrators to initiate change.

At first, the Supreme Court seemed to support these efforts wholeheartedly. About five years ago, however, the Court began to draw back, and in all but a few of the ten or so recent decisions, it has ruled against the prisoner.

Chief Justice Warren Burger and Justice William Rehnquist, who have led this counterattack against prisoners' rights, are not necessarily hostile to prison reform. Burger indeed has persistently urged such reforms—but not by the *courts*. This hostility to judicial enhancement of individual rights is part of a broader campaign led by the Nixon appointees to curtail access to the Federal courts for social reform.

But the picture is not unrelieved gloom. For one thing, the New York center is a very atypical jail. Justice Rehnquist noted this several times, observing that it was not colorless, filthy, with "barred cells [and] clanging steel gates." And he stressed the typical inmate's brief stay there. A ruling in such a unique situation need not govern other, more typical settings. Rehnquist seemed to realize this when he acknowledged the "deplorable conditions and draconian restrictions" elsewhere, and the courts' obligation to do something about that.

And the Court has not become totally indifferent to prisoners' complaints. Just last year, over a Rehnquist dissent urging deference to prison administrators, it upheld lower court rulings against the Arkansas prison system; the year before (again over a Rehnquist dissent), it upheld prisoners' rights to law libraries; equally important, it has left undisturbed most of the many lower court rulings widely expanding prisoners' rights.

It is also hard to consider some of the *Wolfish* issues earthshaking: a ban on packages or hard-covered books from home, and room searches outside the inmates' presence. Though onerous and with little justification, they hardly strike deeply at the quality of life. The body search *is* an unrelieved misfortune, especially since there was so much evidence that it was not only degrading but unnecessary. Even here, there is some reason for hope: both the Justice Department Draft Standards and many professionals condemn it so severely that some administrators may abandon the search voluntarily, especially in Federal jails.

Ultimately the question will turn on the response of the lower courts. The total body of case law developed by the Supreme Court gives them more than enough leeway to continue to insist on humane conditions, and the special circumstances of the *Wolfish* case make it very easy for them to accept a suggestion by Justice Marshall "to read that case narrowly." If they don't, then as one of the victorious M.C.C. administrators put it, "the really sad thing about the Court's decision is that in some jail in East Podunk, there could be really bad conditions, and the inmates would lose a case." And so would we all. Dostoevsky observed that how a society treats its prisoners is a telling gauge of its level of civilization; that is even truer with respect to the presumptively innocent pre-trial detainees. Prisoners are outcasts, with no political or economic power, far from public view or concern. If the courts and the law don't protect them, nothing else will.

A final note. The struggle for bail reform and alternatives to imprisonment must continue, no matter how discouraging. For the one unambiguous lesson of the *Wolfish* case is that no matter how well intentioned, conceived or designed, a jail will inevitably dehumanize its inmates. □

West Bank

(Continued From Front Cover)

press that Menachem Begin will prove as flexible on the issue of the West Bank as he did on Sinai settlements, and outside Israel there is a school of thought holding that Begin's stand is at least partly a negotiating position—from which he could moderate if confronted with the possibility of a complete breakdown in the Egyptian-Israeli accords. But Begin's critics inside Israel believe that only the most stark American-Israeli confrontation would ever result in Begin's acceptance of self-rule in the West Bank. And even then, Begin might resign rather than abandon his position.

Although he obviously has to contend with pressures from the right, Begin's autonomy plan reflects his heart and soul more than his head. It represents a victory for ideology over tactics. It has created a Government policy that looks toward annexation of the territories or, at minimum, if American opposition makes this impossible, an indefinite continuation of occupation. Begin's original plan stated in its annex that after five years Israel would "implement" its right to sovereignty over the territories. Only after seven ministers demurred to this strong language did Begin agree to change the wording to "assert."

The hawks in Begin's Cabinet certainly see the plan as Israel's final position rather than a bargaining chip, and the Prime Minister shares their view. The plan envisions only the most limited form of "personal autonomy over basic services" for the residents of the territories, not the "full autonomy" stated in the Camp David accords. It calls for continued Israeli control of land, water and security, the right to settle

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Jews anywhere, and to seize and sequester land—even privately owned—for settlement purposes.

The autonomy plan's detailed provisions are so maximalist that Defense Minister Ezer Weizman has resigned from the negotiating team and Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan has threatened to resign. They feel that the document would be totally unacceptable to Egypt and the United States from the outset and Weizman has pledged to fight to force the Cabinet to change its negotiating tactics.

The Defense Minister is being practical. He allegedly fears that Israel's long-term negotiating position will be undermined if its team is committed from the beginning to a hopeless position. He also is said by knowledgeable Israeli sources to accept the Camp David interpretation of autonomy as a five-year transition period toward a negotiated solution.

But even though Weizman and Dayan succeeded in postponing official publication of the twenty-two-point autonomy document, it is binding on the negotiating team. And the head of the team, 70-year-old Interior Minister Burg, is a member of the National Religious Party, which secured a pledge in writing from Begin that the territories would never be relinquished. He had hinted that Weizman should resign if he could not accept the majority position.

The tone of the negotiations is being set by Gush Emunim (Movement of the Faithful), the small but fanatic right-wing religious-nationalist movement that has been creating illegal settlements on the West Bank. Begin himself has criticized Gush tactics, and recently, when attacking a group of Gush squatters in Hebron, the Prime Minister's words seemed to reflect his pain that the Gush did not understand he was committed to their goals but preferred more polite tactics. "Since this Government took over," he told his Cabinet angrily, "twenty-eight new settlements have been set up in the liberated areas. What right have those impudent people [the Gush squatters] got to call us traitors and haters of Israel?"

The Gush spokesmen in the Cabinet, Agriculture Minister Ariel (Arik) Sharon and Education Minister Zevulun Hammer, are claiming that the Government's autonomy document represents a victory for their hard-line position. The Cabinet voted 8 to 5 to expropriate Arab land for a Gush settlement near Nablus, a center of Arab nationalism. And the Government seems unable or unwilling to quell a disturbing upsurge of acts of deliberate violence by Gush settlers against Arab demonstrators on the West Bank—and even against the Israeli Defense Forces. These could shatter any slim hopes the autonomy talks might have of succeeding. When settlers at Neot Sinai violently resisted the loss of their vegetable gardens in the return of El Arish to Egypt and had to be forcibly ejected by the Israeli Army, Gush outsiders were the instigators. Justice Minister Shmuel Tamir, who came to beg the settlers to leave, made a telling comparison with the Altalena affair of 1948, when Jewish soldiers killed volunteers from Menachem Begin's underground Irgun Zvai Leumi fighter group who were illegally smuggling in arms against the orders of the new Israeli Government. The unspoken question was whether Begin would now be capable of displaying a similar firmness in putting down dissidents with whose cause he sympathizes.

The Begin autonomy plan is a retreat from the concessions he made at Camp David, which outraged critics both in his own party and in the Labor opposition, who accused him of laying the groundwork for a Palestinian state. His present policies are thus intended to refute these charges. The key position in the plan states that the "source of authority" for the Palestinian-elected self-governing council will remain the Israeli military Government. This is based on a hairsplitting legalistic interpretation of the language in the Camp David agreements promising that the military Government will be "withdrawn" and "replace[d]" by the self-governing authority. The Israelis now insist that "withdrawn" never meant abolished, and that the source of authority will simply be retained by the military Government in its new locale inside Israel proper. This interpretation is supported unanimously by the Cabinet. But it has been faulted legally by such experts as Prof. Claude Klein, dean of the Hebrew University Law Faculty, who calls it "playing with words."

This legalistic argument masks the deeper concerns of the Israeli Government, which fears that the autonomous council might proclaim a Palestinian state. By retaining the ultimate legal "source of authority," the Israelis could dissolve the council should it overstep its powers (which are to be negotiated by Israel and Egypt). Prime Minister Begin has put it more bluntly: if the members of the council proclaimed a state they would be clapped in jail. And if the talks with the Arabs over "permanent status" break down, Israel—as the "source of authority"—could either insist that the autonomy continue indefinitely or simply reinstate the military Government.

How would autonomy, as Begin conceives it, work? The key concept, which he has stated repeatedly in public, is that it is administrative only. It would have power over persons but not over territory. (This conflicts with the American interpretation, which gives the council authority over land and water as well as people and envisions it as having law-making authority.)

In practical terms, this adds little to the current situation in the West Bank and Gaza, where virtually all work is done by Arab residents. For example, the Judea and Samaria Office of Education employs about 7,500 teachers, supervisors, administration and service workers—all Arabs. They are supervised by fifteen Israelis, a director, assistants and clerks. The same situation is true in most West Bank departments. About 11,000 local employees are supervised by a few score Israelis, whose absence would probably not be noticed.

But there are other offices in which the Israeli pres-

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ence is weightier: Customs, which supervises all Arabs crossing the bridge from Jordan; the Office of Abandoned and State Property, which has jurisdiction over those lands most often confiscated for military or settlement use; the large Office of Agriculture under General Sharon, the foremost proponent of settlement, and of course Police and Prisons where the staff is all Israeli. As one Israeli commentator wrote in the newspaper *Davar*, "The Arab residents of the West Bank have been enjoying almost complete autonomy for years . . . in short, everything possible within the limits of the autonomy plan. . . . What the local Arabs want in addition . . . is the management and supervision of the prisons service, of the Customs Branch, and the custodianship of abandoned and state property. Then, with the addition of a few symbols—they will have their own state." This, of course, is just what will not be granted.

The *Davar* columnist points out: "A comparison of the details [of the Israeli autonomy plan] with the current situation shows that the proposed autonomy regime contains more restrictions than the one now in operation." Under the autonomy plan Israel would maintain sovereignty over public land and water resources in the territories. Both Weizman and Dayan asked Begin not to specify these points but to leave the detailed bargaining to the negotiators. Begin, however, opted for the harder line.

The meaning of this is not immediately clear when listening to Israeli official public statements. For example, the Director General of the Prime Minister's office recently promised: "Settlements will be established on Government land, on waste land." But the Jordanians' definition of public land differs from the Israelis'. Known as *miri* land from the time when it was officially owned by the Ottoman emirs, Jordanian public land was considered to pass into the property of anyone who farmed it for three consecutive years. Taxes were paid on it, and it was bought and sold. According to a detailed study done by a respected Palestinian economist on the West Bank, the vast bulk of the land expropriated for settlement purposes has been *miri* or private land. An Israeli Supreme Court decision last year upheld the right of the military Government to take private land for military purposes, even if it is then turned over to civilian settlements.

As for water resources under occupation, Israel has rarely granted pumping permits in the last twelve years, and then only for drinking water. Water Commissioner Meir Ben-Meir estimated that West Bank water supplies can meet Arab household needs without harming Israel, but are not sufficient to permit the Palestinians to use the water for agricultural expansion, which would come "at the expense of Israel." For this reason he advocates sole control by Israel of water resources provided for in the autonomy plan, with the modification that the autonomy council will be consulted.

Last year the United States Agency for International Development approved a grant to study the feasibility of installing a pipeline to replace the open-canal irrigation servicing 15,000 *dunams* (one dunam equals 1,000 square yards) farmed by several Jordan Valley villages. The so-called Farah Project would have involved no new water but merely corrected inefficient water usage. The project was turned down by the Israeli authorities without explanation. General Sharon reportedly told U.S. officials that Israel would not approve any water or economic development projects on the West Bank.

But the most grating thing in the autonomy plan to Egyptians, Palestinians and the United States is Israel's intention to build unlimited settlements in the territories. To the Arabs these symbolize an Israeli policy of annexation. Egyptian Defense Minister Hassan Kamal Ali told an Israeli reporter, "I believe there is no issue liable to place more obstacles on the road to peace. . . ."

In the weeks prior to the beginning of the autonomy talks, there was a rush by Cabinet hawks, notably General Sharon, to win approval for as many settlements as possible, especially near populated areas. This policy does not have strong support from a majority of Israelis. The Labor Party opposes settlements in populated areas. A *Jerusalem Post* poll in May showed that 65.8 percent of the population would prefer new settlements in the Israeli Galilee rather than in Judea and Samaria. And the head of the Jewish Agency Settlement Department, Ra'anan Weitz, recently charged the Government with a haphazard and wasteful policy of settling "everything everywhere" for political reasons. The newspaper *Ha'aretz*, quoting authoritative Government sources, reports that there are plans to set up thirty new settlements in the West Bank and Gaza by 1980, twenty of them in the populated areas of Judea and Samaria.

The rush to settlement is also exacerbating security problems on the West Bank. It is not surprising that the Israeli Government prefers to retain control of internal security on the West Bank rather than entrust it to the "strong local [Palestinian] police force" envisioned in the Camp David accords. But the recent increase in settlements in heavily populated areas has provoked a rash of incidents between Gush Emunim members and the local Arab population.

According to *Ha'aretz* reporter Yehuda Litani, "The settlers are organizing with the express intent of totally disrupting the Government's attempts to apply the autonomy plan in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, even if this should prove to be a plan to the Arabs' severe disadvantage." *The Jerusalem Post* of May 23 reports a recruitment campaign in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem for units of armed vigilantes. Litani claims the settlers are confident that the military Government and police will not treat the settlers as they would Arabs.

The settlers say they have been threatened by stone-throwing incidents and the erection of road barricades by West Bank Palestinians protesting against

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occupation. But they themselves have incited some of the Arab reaction with their illegal settlement, marches through populated Arab areas, roadblocks and punishments of Arabs.

In recent weeks there has been a wave of incidents of vigilantism and settler illegalities:

§ In the village of Halhoul Kiryat Arba, residents joined with the Israeli Army in firing at pupils throwing stones. Two were killed and a Kiryat Arba resident was detained—two months later—on suspicion of having fired a fatal shot.

§ Ofra settlers have entered private houses in Ramallah and Bireh, twenty minutes north of Jerusalem, and according to residents, forced them at gunpoint to dismantle roadblocks. An Israeli reporter was beaten by the settlers when he was mistaken for a local resident. The settlers have refused the demand of the military Government that they hand in their guns.

§ In Hebron, Kiryat Arba residents are suspected of cutting down hundreds of grapevines on an Arab-owned hill with electric saws after settlers were refused permission by the Israeli High Court to build there. And a group of fifty women and children from Kiryat Arba have squatted in a dilapidated building that housed a Jewish hospital before the pogroms of 1929. The women, heavily guarded by Israeli troops, demand that Jews be allowed to settle in the heart of Hebron; the Government says this would create major security problems. Prime Minister Begin tongue-lashed the women: "When people just march in and take over houses, they have to be expelled." But the women remain inside and the Cabinet has ruled that they will not be evicted by force.

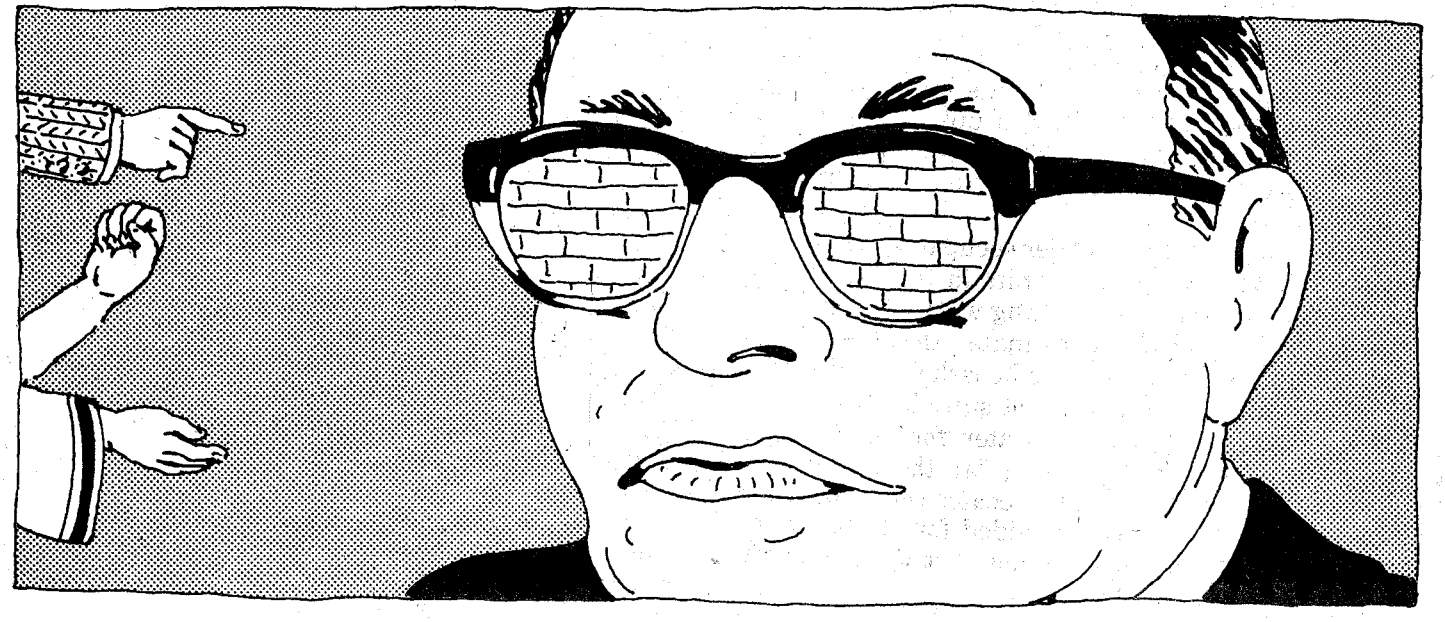
At the same time, the military Government has cracked down on the Arab residents. After stone-throwing incidents in May, the West Bank university, Bir Zeit, was closed indefinitely, as were several high schools. Long curfews were clamped on two refugee camps. At Jalazun Camp the curfew was lifted after twelve days as a result of Red Cross protests that the camp was receiving no fresh food.

Given the circumstances, it is not surprising that the Palestinians of the West Bank and Gaza are so far staying out of the negotiations. Leading figures there, even supporters of the P.L.O., would consider the possibility of taking part in autonomy elections (with a P.L.O. green light) if the United States could provide concrete assurances that its version of autonomy would win the day. Such assurances, say the Palestinians, would include a freeze on settlements and a public U.S. commitment to self-determination for the Palestinians. But as Begin's position has hardened, even independent moderates have clammed up.

The moderate dilemma is symbolized in the person of Gaza Mayor Rashad al-Shawa, who has links to both King Hussein and the P.L.O. and who recently journeyed to Beirut to coordinate the Palestinian role in autonomy with P.L.O. chief Yasir Arafat. Shawa, who was once prepared to support autonomy if the United States could make the assurances outlined above, told a Beirut press conference that the current Israeli version of autonomy would merely "legalize Israeli occupation under a different name." He added, "We would rather continue as we are because we would always have the right to claim that Israel is occupying our land by force."

Shawa's views have special relevance because the Egyptian and Israeli fallback position—should the West Bank autonomy talks stall—has been to concentrate on Gaza. Egyptian influence is greater there and the population is less organized and more economically dependent on Israel than the West Bank. But sources close to Shawa now say that Egypt will shelve this idea because the local leadership in Gaza would not participate in autonomy unless it was seen as clearly leading to self-determination.

In the months after Camp David, up until the time that the details of the Begin plan began to leak to the press, Israeli doves, and some Palestine moderates—including Mayor Shawa—argued that the Palestinians should enter the negotiations to show their



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seriousness, make their voice heard internationally, and dispel their image as naysayers. They believed that once an autonomous council was elected for the West Bank and Gaza, even if its members were P.L.O. supporters, it would gain international recognition and become the wedge for achieving real self-determination.

As the outline of the Begin plan became clear, such talk virtually ceased. A few quiet Palestinian—and many liberal Israeli—voices still say that the Palestinians should seize any negotiating opportunity, however fettered. But most Palestinian moderates here feel it would be a betrayal and politically dangerous to take part in peace talks while West Bank land was being seized for Jewish settlements.

Some Israeli analysts argue that a dramatic gesture from the P.L.O.—a public forswearing of attacks on Israeli civilians, for example—is the only way to change public opinion in Israel, which overwhelmingly opposes a Palestinian state, and thus put pressure on the Begin Government. Begin has already said that even should the P.L.O. recognize Israel, the Jewish state would never deal with an organization of "terrorists and murderers." Thus a vicious circle is created. Begin's hard line is used by the Palestinians to justify immobility. And P.L.O. attacks on Israeli civilians provide ammunition for Begin in his campaign for hard-line policies.

Moreover, the Palestinians are buffeted by internal problems, which make a coherent policy difficult. Recently, gunmen from the Marxist Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine assassinated the Imam of Gaza because he had publicly endorsed autonomy. The front indicated that Gaza Mayor Shawa is also on the hit list. Yet informed Gaza sources say that not even the Imam would have participated in autonomy talks on the basis of the Begin plan. And Mayor Shawa had just returned from consultations with Yasir Arafat in Beirut, where he had been told, according to reliable Palestinian sources, that he should receive Americans or anyone else who came to Gaza to talk to him about autonomy. The leading pro-P.L.O. figure in Gaza condemned the assassination of the Imam. Such disarray in the P.L.O. structure holds out little hope that an initiative from that quarter will loosen the autonomy logjam.

Since that door seems to be closed, Israel's autonomy plan becomes even more unlikely than before. But the Cabinet hawks intend to put their annexationist position to the test early, banking upon Sadat's willingness to go along now in order to get back Sinai. If he doesn't—and the whole process collapses—then Israel still has her airfields. But Sadat, who recently complained to a visiting B'nai B'rith group that Begin was always embarrassing him in the eyes of the Arab world, is unlikely, and probably quite unable, to swallow the principles of the Begin plan, which so openly call for abandonment of the Palestinian cause. The Egyptians, with U.S. encouragement, are trying to downplay confrontation by refraining from formal proposals and instead encouraging "confidence-building measures," such as a freeze on settlements.

The critical element—as it has been all along if a total breakdown was and is to be avoided—will be the intensity and nature of American pressure and its timing. The Americans, obviously worried, speeded up the arrival of their chief negotiator, Robert Strauss, from September to July. Strauss told reporters on May 18: "I am a strong negotiator, not just a mediator." Israel is more vulnerable than ever because of its heavy economic dependence on U.S. funds to transfer its Sinai air bases to the Negev, and on U.S. guarantees for oil. But the Israelis can take hope from the timing of the negotiations, which reach a critical point as the 1980 election campaign begins to gear up. They count on the reluctance of a weak Jimmy Carter to jeopardize Jewish votes.

A big unknown is the impact of Israeli domestic politics on the negotiations. Begin's Likud coalition is declining in popularity; the latest polls show the Labor opposition drawing almost even. With an annual inflation rate of 88 percent in Israel, the Likud's economic policies are vulnerable. And the prominent dissent raised by Ezer Weizman to Begin's negotiating tactics could precipitate a Government crisis. (Weizman's approval rating among voters exceeded Begin's by 68.7 percent to 53.4 percent, according to a recent poll.) For the time being, however, Weizman seems inclined to fight it out from the inside. Moreover, although Weizman has shown a greater willingness than any other Israeli political figure to change his positions when he felt the achievement of peace demanded it, his vision of autonomy is still close to the Government's.

Meanwhile, Labor, waiting in the wings, has expressed total opposition to autonomy on grounds that, if it is real, it will lead to a Palestinian state and if it is Begin's autonomy—i.e., annexation—it may lead to a state where Arabs will outnumber Jews. Labor still advocates dividing the West Bank with Jordan, a policy that King Hussein rejected in 1974. Israeli analysts suggest that Begin may try to gain time and outwit American pressures by calling early elections and, to divert attention from the economy, decrying U.S. pressure tactics—always a sure-fire issue for rallying the Israeli voters.

One thing seems certain. The Begin autonomy document is not a basis for negotiations, or for peace. It begs the real issue: can a formula be found that will give the Palestinians real self-determination without jeopardizing Israel's existence? It instead reflects the convictions of a leader who has believed devoutly for most of his life in the biblical land of Israel and who has called Judea and Samaria "the foundation of our security." The real debate over the future of the occupied territories and the ultimate relationship of the Palestinians to Israel has not yet taken place inside the Jewish state. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Lost Property

BEN SONNENBERG

...God attributes to place
No sanctitie, if none be thither brought.
—Paradise Lost, Book XI

...so many set traps for displeasure...
—Henry James, "The Jolly Corner"

"The Polish Rider"

To this day I have a tropism toward books called *The Top Drawer* "By One Who Was Born in It." meals in Ivy Compton-Burnett are merely familiar to me, and in my worst recurring dream I am cut at a party by Henry James. This is because of where I grew up, 19 Gramercy Park, of which *The New Yorker* lately wrote, "Unquestionably, the greatest house remaining in private hands in New York."

A big house, it never was big enough: anyway never for me. "Here's where I live," I told schoolmates, taking them to the Frick. I wanted armed guards, as at the Frick. Not only to body forth riches and fear as neat museum guards seem to do. But also because their courtesy made me almost an heir. At home, by contrast, I was a kid at the mercy of angry help: A better-known liar, Ford Madox Ford, used this same technique. You know how French policemen salute on being approached in public. Ford was looking after the young son of friends visiting Paris one day. "Wait here on the corner while I go ask that policeman a question," Ford said. Returning, Ford said to the very small boy, "Did you see? He saluted me. Yes; and why? Because I'm a Papal Count."

Stories like these tend to make me glad, their theme being dissatisfaction with the ostensible truth. My own bears on an experience, general in the 1960s, where home turns out not to substantiate a historical revolt. Then, oh, for a Winter Palace! Oh, for an Escorial! It seems also to be, in the touching words of Walter Benjamin, "already announcing the flight into sabotage and anarchy that later makes it so difficult for the intellectual to see things clearly" if he grows up where money is "ruinously at the center of all."

Ben Sonnenberg is the author of Jane Street *and other plays. "Lost Property" is part of an autobiography.*

That, I now see, was the way being shown by Rembrandt's "Polish Rider" (allegedly Rembrandt's son): both in its gorgeous explicit self, as overarmed and ready for flight, as stupid but with the promise of reason in savage action; and no less in its domestication to the wall of a rich museum, once a private home, like the Frick.

The Town House

I never liked Gramercy Park. It took a key to get into and was a KEEP-OFF-THE-GRASS kind of place. No park for a child, it yet appealed for children as picturesque. Designed in the 1820s, after the fashion of Berkeley Square, it has the strained look today of a place prospering in an ungracious time merely through being polite. It differs from truly city parks in its museum nature: showing, preserving, treasuring and falsifying the past. It differs as well in its sacrifice of vitality for gain and to an attitude thought to be "aristocratic" and "English." Number 19, where I grew up, did these same things, only better.

Looked at from the street, my house is not much: large, but just to the standard of wealthy pre-Civil War New York, more "Murray Hill" than "Washington Square," and too sheerly ample for good design. But for being a corner building (at 20th Street and Irving Place), it belongs to that bland type of mansion, plentiful in New York, which always is being converted from misuse or dilapidation into monuments to individualism understood as earning-a-fortune.

Inside, however, it stubbornly was of a class of singular dwellings. Typically rural, these often are dandyish as well. Baudelaire saw with the dandy himself that the need to be odd, at whatever the cost, is finally a heroic shape taken in their decadence by leisure and inherited wealth. "*Le dernier éclat d'héroïsme dans les décadences*," Baudelaire wrote. So it may be with houses, in other twilights, too. See Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill. See Neuschwanstein by Ludwig the Second. Like them, 19 Gramercy Park was quaint, self-conscious, a "mad" expense. But its finally heroic shape was due to its being in town: that is what made it conspicuous and expressive as an excess.

So much for location, except to observe that a similar effort in Greenwich would have had different results

Room after comfortable, colorful room: various, orderly, studied, profuse; devoted to what Henry James defined "the mysteries of ministration to rare pieces"; all brought together, and made to cohere: through force of furnishing, so to speak: in a sumptuous, costly, luxurious style known once to the classically educated as Capuan. It made a unique impression. Not, as with Frick and the subtle Duveen, of a wedding of riches to expert taste but of something much more peculiar. In "Louis-Philippe, or the Interior," Walter Benjamin says: "For the private individual the private environment represents the universe. In it he gathers remote places and the past. His drawing room is a box in the world theater." And the verb that follows will nail the point. My home gripped the imagination as wholly a fiction, a play, a dream: formal and yet almost overcharged with personal emblems and feelings.

Collectors' Children

My parents conspired well in the house. They lived there for forty-eight years. My father had a compulsion to buy, my mother to decorate. Together they made a fetish of antique furniture. At first they collected like children, to renew the world. Later, with money, acquiring things was very far from naive. The justifications! the reasons! Good business was one. Well might it have been. Still, like all of the genus Collector's Child, while I was jealous principally of my parents' unstinted passion, I hated worse their profession of a practical purpose. And why? Their passion suggested only that I was subordinate to Sheraton, second to George the Second, and not so much fun as a cheerful chintz: which a 7-year-old would of course resent but could nevertheless comprehend. But their tacit profession that all was not in fact what it so clearly seemed: that to me was trumped up! arrant make-believe! typical of adults!

Over Twenty-five Rooms, More Than Thirteen in Staff

The atmosphere was officious. After using one of the bathrooms (perhaps that described by the architecture critic of *The New York Times* as "the finest... in a house of remarkable bathrooms"), Tennessee Williams was heard to say, "It looked so shabby when I took it out, I couldn't go."

Let me add further that somewhere in Freud there is a convincing progres-

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sion from pissing to pyromania, that in *The Spoils of Poynton* burning down is (was even to James, I believe) the only possible end.

Then the house was ruled more with reference to the wishes and expectations of its large, exceedingly specialized staff than with thought (as *I* thought) of my own childish good. I had status, the servants had power. We had fights and they always won. *Real* English butlers and *real* Irish maids, they afflicted me with the moral zeal of the disciplined but disenfranchised, avid to show where I failed. With what literal force I later read, *And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker.* I acted toward them vengefully, in turn, consoling myself by reflecting upon their fungibility. That was the ultimate fact, was it not? A wretched result has been that I still think status of more worth than power.

And yet how replaceable were they? The English butlers, one formerly with H.R.H., the Duke of Windsor, another with Myron T. Herrick, our Ambassador to France: a butler who, moreover, on May 21, 1927, loaned Lindbergh a pair of pajamas? The servants were truly needed. It showed in the numerous valuable plates they presented at even family meals, ceremonially, not to be eaten from; in the deference of silence to which they appeared, and which to me from an early age made a paradox of the then common ideal of unobtrusive service; and in their great importance as topics of conversation.

They were needed besides as mirrors, implicated thereby in the buying of very vast numbers of shoes and clothes which it also was their job to care for. This will account for the strong link I make between home life and the contexts of restaurant and retail store, where service, appearance, consumption, excess are comparably important.

The Rich Son-in-Law

Once a daughter said to her father, "Now that I'm rich, you can change your shirt more than once a week."

"I can?" he replied. "How often?"

She smiled. "Maybe four times a week."

"And if you were richer? What then? Once a day?"

"Why not?" she said, still smiling.

"And if you were very *very* rich? *Two* times a day?"

"Why not?"

"So if you were rich as Rothschild, I could stand in front of the closet all day, putting shirts on and taking shirts off, putting shirts on and taking shirts off. . . ."

Heartbreak House

All was phantasmagoric. To me at least, the house stood for taste and culture in an era of mass fright: quite as if these were enough armament, together with making money. For it to succeed, it had to exclude. And with exceptional force. Decoration was in, but poetry and music had no place. Talk of people was in, but not of ideas; of Democratic electioneering, but not of politics. Biographies, table talk, memoirs, "characters" crowded the shelves; portraits and "conversations" were everywhere on the walls.

It was more a venue for parties than ever an actual home. If a home, however, then Heartbreak House, so far as Shaw's play does indeed represent "leisured, cultured Europe" before the First World War. Only, alas, by the time I was 9, *two* world wars had occurred, and my mother and father had lived through both.

Johanna Kibbe

Another disturbance met with a stranger equivocation. I had a German governness during the Second World War. She was openly pro-German after the Allied bombing of Metz in her home region of Moselle. She started telling me what I could do when the Nazis took over New York. "Just don't mention you're Jewish."

I was Jewish? I knew and I didn't know. It wasn't exactly a secret. My parents spoke Yiddish fluently; my grandparents lived on the Lower East Side; Bernard Baruch, Albert Einstein, Leslie Howard made us proud.

Yet to look at the walls with their portraits of Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, of Lady Ottoline Morrell, at the Queen Anne this and the Charles the First that, at the bust of Pope and the braces that had once belonged to Disraeli—Surely I wasn't Jewish? Or if I were, then so what? To ask, as it were of the Duchess or of the still more ducal "man," was to invite the answer, *You are as Jewish as you want to be.* That was the answer I got.

Little wonder that then it was left to one in a lunacy of sorrow to bring the effect of my question well and truly home.

Sardanapalus

In earlier times, before the diffusion of luxury, of knowledge, and other sources of enjoyment had become common, and acted as a diversion to the cravings of avarice, the passionate admiration, the idolatry, the hunger and thirst of wealth and all its precious symbols, was a kind of madness or hallucination, and Mammon was truly worshipped as a god.

—William Hazlitt
"On the Want of Money"

Robert Hughes remarked, in *Time* magazine, that 19 Gramercy Park was "not comparable to the great mansions of Fifth Avenue at their height of extravagance . . . but [was] an astonishing survivor, a solid, heavy and opulent fossil." That is, unlike the Frick, I believe, it did not express the power, wealth, and pride of a "new" social class but instead was a genuflection toward, and a parody of, making money.

More obviously, it was meant not to last. Suggest to my father that it be preserved, like the John Soane House in London or the Merchant's House on East 4th Street downtown, and he'd only jeer: Sardanapalus about to set his own pyre alight.

So much for monuments that have forgotten
Their very record!

I am not unsympathetic. I appreciate both his arrogant trepidation and the less esoteric plea that all, in the end, be seen, somehow, as for something more than his uses alone: recondite, forceful and rich though these were.

Stand Back!

Going there never was easy for me. Its too thick carpets impeded my stride. Lately it was especially hard. The little displacements occasioned by so many expert inspections; the not subtle tags, on the tables and chairs, of the movers and auctioneers: unmistakable signs that all, that all, once transfigured through being collected, was being relaxed to its merchandise state: these were types of reversal: black magic.

Still, insolent though the house was to me, *My rage is gone,* as Aufidius says. Only how well it stood for what I am not. I musn't let go of that. For as Elizabeth Hardwick writes of home, "Fading, it is sad; remaining, it is a needle."

Montaigne, Pascal, La Rochefoucauld.

Their material existence was based on income without work and their intellectual attitude rested upon their resolute refusal to be integrated politically or socially.

—Hannah Arendt, Introduction to *Illuminations* by Walter Benjamin

The nineteenth-century novel is not infrequently home ground to me. For

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instance. *La Maison Nucingen*, *Our Mutual Friend* and *The Way We Live Now*. I innately grasp certain aspects of Marx, as well as of very much para-Marx with its often alert observations and melancholy poise. True, not long since, it has been for me as Theodor Adorno writes in *Minima Moralia*:

> *For Marcel Proust*—The son of well-to-do parents who, whether from talent or weakness, engages in a so-called intellectual profession, as an artist or a scholar, will have a particularly difficult time with those bearing the distasteful title of colleagues. It is not merely that his independence is envied, the seriousness of his intentions mistrusted, and that he is suspected of being a secret envoy of the established powers. Such suspicions, though betraying a deep-seated resentment, would usually prove well founded. But the real resistance lies elsewhere. The occupation with things of the mind has by now itself become "practical," a business with strict division of labor, departments and restricted entry. The man of independent means who chooses it out of repugnance for the ignominy of earning money will not be disposed to acknowledge the fact. For this he is punished. He is not a "professional," is ranked in the competitive hierarchy as a dilettante no matter how well he knows his subject, and must, if he wants to make a career, show himself even more resolutely blinkered than the most inveterate specialist. . . . It is as if the class from which independent intellectuals have defected takes its revenge by pressing its demands home in the very domain where the deserter seeks refuge.

Let me, however, expressly point to the strong effect of Lost Property in shaping the modern vocation of artist or scholar *manqué*.

No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day. □

News From Nowhere

BENNY GREEN

A BEND IN THE RIVER. *By V.S. Naipaul. Alfred A. Knopf. 288 pp. $8.95.*

When the British packed their bags and vacated their ramshackle African estates, they were kissing goodbye, among other things, one of the literati's most valuable assets, a playground in which the puppets of a new-style popular romance could be made to twirl and pirouette. The Scramble for Africa, as it is still laughably described in English school textbooks, produced a popular literature of extraordinary richness, ranging from the hothouse eroticism of *She* to the stiff-necked self-denial of John Buchan's overgrown boy scouts and the inoffensive larkiness of Edgar Wallace. Few of the imperial storytellers were literary paragons. Oscar Wilde once said that Rider Haggard wrote like a man playing football, and the best that can be said for Wallace, who dictated his prose into a primitive recording machine, is that his writing, like Wagner's music, is not as bad as it sounds. As for Buchan, his possibilities as an unconscious buffoon remain neglected. In *Prester John* he claimed, "I know the meaning of the white man's duty. He has to take all risks, recking nothing of his life or his fortunes, and well content to find his reward in the fulfillment of his task," a view whose admirable Spartan sentiments are slightly compromised by his subsequent discovery that "one day there will be a continued coming-and-going between England and Colonial society, till the rich man has his country house or shooting box as naturally in the Selkirks or on the East African plateau as in Scotland."

How far ought the contemporary student take such solemn piffle? Is it not unreasonable to graft on to the old imperial administrators the idle fancies of a bunch of scribblers? No, it is not unreasonable, for the interesting reason that very often the administrator and the scribbler were one. Buchan ended his career in tricorn flummery as Governor General of Canada; Rider Haggard's most cherished memory was of that lost morning in 1877 when as an underling of the Lieutenant Governor he raised the Union Jack over Pretoria to signal the British annexation of the Transvaal; Joyce Cary, infinitely the most gifted of the British African novelists, worked for years in the Nigerian Political Service before attempting to write. Through the sensibilities of such men filtered a set of subjective truths about Africa. Tuppence-colored truths, perhaps, but at least so long as the British remained as landlords they were able to provide themselves with an account, no matter how garbled, of what Africa was like, or might be like, or should be like. When the winds of change finally blew them off the continent, they forfeited their considerable literary patrimony, until today, less than a generation later, they have already lost touch. From time to time a blurred glimpse of a once-familiar place might loom on the TV screen telling of small and bloody wars between small and bloody despots, but it is hard to relate to it. This is not the same Africa. Long ago, A.E.W. Mason could fling his absurd hero Feversham into Old Berber where the streets were "like lanes of Fives courts crumbling into decay." All that has gone; old school ties have loosened. The very countries have shed their simple English names and adopted strange pseudonyms bristling with glottal shocks and a surfeit of consonants. Africa has become remote again, a mystery to be explained—at which point enter V.S. Naipaul with a book of wonderful authority and wisdom.

His story concerns a small-time merchant in a small-time town in a nameless African state. Although the location remains unspecific to the end, a portrait gradually emerges of the country's customs and history. Until the day before yesterday it was a colony. But the British went, leaving the locals to

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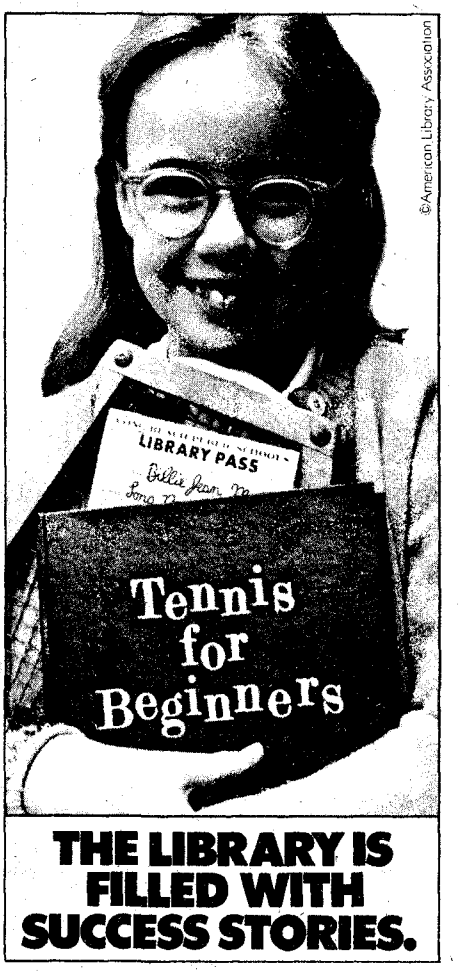

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endure the usual revolutionary convulsions before settling down to one of those populist regimes which so wittily reconcile the counters of democratic oratory with the reality of a murderous military dictatorship. At first the little town, at the bend in the river, seems insulated by distance from the ridiculous political posturing going on in the capital, with its foreign speculators, its magniloquent postimperial architecture and its cultivation of an image of the Noble Savage through statuary at least as fatuous as the old equestrian monuments abandoned by the British. Only the presence in the little town of the regime's token white academic and the jerry-built new state bureaucratic complex serve as a reminder that influence resides elsewhere.

But gradually power creeps outward, as slowly and as surely as the ubiquitous water hyacinths which choke the country's waterways. What seems to be a loose confederation of communities is gradually revealed as a would-be nation. Power is centrifugal after all, and at last it becomes impossible even for the people out on the periphery of events not to acknowledge that somebody a long way away is manipulating the entire population in the name of a bogus ideal. The local academic is seen to be in exile now that he has served his purpose of lending an air of dialectical plausibility to the Leader's emergent cause; predatory armies of "liberation" gain in confidence; insurrection smolders out in the hinterlands, and at last all pretense of stability collapses in the expectation of indiscriminate slaughter which will be bowdlerized in the official histories as a purging of the old European corruption and a return to pristine innocence. As the narrator escapes on the shabby-genteel steamship inherited from the imperialists, he knows he is leaving a doomed community.

In the sense that the narrative is conceived essentially as a political pageant in which a parvenu attempts to impose order on chaos, or rather a new chaos on the old, Naipaul's book might be said to be deficient in the conventional tensions of fiction. The interrelationships of the characters are nebulous, their development speculative; most of them are archetypes rather than individuals: the African nationalist youth, Ferdinand, who begins as a truculent heir to vanished European authority and ends by making an uncharacteristically charitable gesture to the hero; Yvette, wife of the academic, insulated from Africa by her pathetic simulation of a salon whose chief cultural glory is a batch of dreadful Joan Baez recordings; Father Huismans, the missionary whose love of Africa is qualified by a Macaulayesque insularity:

> For everything connected with the European colonisation, the opening up of the river, Father Huismans had a reverence which would have surprised those people in the town who gave him the reputation of being a lover of Africa and therefore, in their way of thinking, a man who rejected the colonial past.

But the most ambivalent characters of all are the narrator, Salim, an Indian merchant; his inherited servant, Metty, and his old friend, Indar. They are Africans and yet not Africans; circumstances have pushed them inland from the rim of the continent, and they cling to their distinctive identity. Salim thinks of himself as the product of a place "not truly African"; Metty is only half African; Indar is the grandson of a Punjabi railway worker. All of them move along among the locals conscious of the fact that they are neither assimilated nor have any real wish to be. Salim particularly consoles himself with the thought that this mercantile escapade of his is nothing more than a stage on the journey; he will make his money and move on, although he never aspires to the grandeur of Indar's solution, which is to learn sufficient of the European ways to become a kind of honorary European himself. When Africa explodes, these people tell themselves and one another, they will be safe; this is not their struggle, and they will be somewhere else.

But where is somewhere else? In the last reckoning *A Bend in the River* is about homelessness. Salim is too subtle a thinker to dupe himself into complacency, and is perfectly aware of the nature of his dilemma, which is the inability to define himself:

> Africa was my home, had been the home of my family for centuries. But we came from the east coast, and that made the difference. The coast was not truly African. It was an Arab-Indian-Persian-Portuguese place, and we who lived there were really people of the Indian Ocean.

However:

> We could no longer say we were Arabians or Indians or Persians; when we compared ourselves with these people, we felt like people of Africa. My family was Muslim. But we were a special group. We were distinct from the Arabs and other Muslims of the coast; in our customs and attitudes, we were closer to the Hindus of north-western India, from which we had originally come. When we had come no one could tell me. We were not that kind of people. We simply lived; we did what was expected of us. We never asked why.

But by the time Salim arrives in the African town such considerations are academic, because Metty brings news of the destruction of the old life on the east coast. Salim and the rest of them are cut off forever from retreat, marooned by the senseless flow of events. Their old home which was not really home doesn't even exist anymore. There are no roots. And so in the last extremity they must seek salvation in the place which caused all the displacement—Europe. Salim goes there twice, once geographically, where he quickly learns further aspects of his rootlessness:

> The effect of those little stalls, booths, kiosks and choked grocery shops, run by people like myself, was indeed of people who had squashed themselves in. . . . They were cut off from the life of the great city where they had come to live, and I wondered about the pointlessness of their own hard life.

and once figuratively, in the arms of Yvette, where he broadens his experience of sexual rapture but not much else. When he returns from London she and her husband have gone, and the windows of their home are boarded up. And when Salim follows on the steamship, he has no idea where he is going *to*, only that he must move on *from*, knowing that no matter what happens to him, he can never enjoy the prime Western luxury, which is to take one's heritage for granted.

The colossal experiment of the British Empire has left vast migrant populations; entire cultures are on the move, physically displaced, psychologically bewildered, and condemned to the worst kind of spiritual privation, which is to feel homesick without ever having had a home, to feel nostalgia for a nonexistent past. As for Africa itself, now that the British have gone, Salim watches the land revert to its old fissiparous nature, where the true lines of demarcation are not imperial but merely tribal. At the end, when the great government building which once dominated the little town has run to seed, Salim looks about him and says:

> This piece of earth—how many changes had come to it! Forest at a bend in the river, a meeting place, an Arab settlement, a European outpost, a European suburb, a ruin like the ruin of a dead civilisation, the glittering Domain of New Africa, and now this.

Such quotations underline V.S. Nai-

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paul's great gift, which is to express complex ideas in clean, simple language. With the small particulars of a shopkeeper's life he has constructed a vast postimperial generality. Next time he glimpses those confused scenes of chaos on his TV screen, the reader of *A Bend in the River* will not feel quite so baffled. □

A Contumacious Radical

STUDS TERKEL

THE EDUCATION OF CAREY McWILLIAMS. *By Carey McWilliams. Simon & Schuster. 363 pp. $11.95.*

To celebrate Carey McWilliams in these pages might be a self-congratulatory exercise were McWilliams's works and days not so rewarding, and were he not so damnably obstinate in pursuing his vision of the American dream. Had he been ethically more supple and less curious about curious things, he might have retired, with honorariums if not honor, as senior partner of a prestigious law firm. We lost a Tommy Corcoran and won a contumacious American radical, who was merely the best muckraking editor of his time. *The Education of Carey McWilliams* is an exhilarating adventure, offered at a time when exhilaration is not at all the order of the day.

An important part of the education began in 1919, when McWilliams's father's small fortune went the way of the cattle market: kaput. Colorado, farewell. California, here I come. Nobody came to understand the political teeter-totter that is California better than McWilliams, who was so much a part of its exultant side. The education of the restless young Los Angeles lawyer then took two more big leaps.

The first was into the cultural revolution of the early 1920s. *This Side Of Paradise* "was like a breath of fresh air. Just being able to say 'why, that's how I feel' was a liberating experience. The conventional literary culture was stiff, boring and empty; it invited rebellion." The company was heady: Nathanael West, Louis Adamic, Jim Tully, Erskine Caldwell. And there were also his two mentors, H.L. Mencken and Ambrose Bierce, the first informing him that "literature is nothing when it bears no relation to life," the second warning him against mindless optimism. McWilliams's biography of Bierce, the "congenial outsider," was the first of his fourteen books. It told us where he was headed.

In the 1930s came his second leap: from cultural to social protest. The Crash of 1929 set him off; he had been there before. Though skeptical of the plan, he backed the EPIC movement of Upton Sinclair, who scared the bejeepers out of the California burghers and set the stage for the election of a populist Governor, Culbert Olson.

Spontaneous strikes of Mexican and Filipino farm workers were busting out all over the state. McWilliams caught the movement's fever and significance. He traveled the Steinbeck country from Bakersfield to Salinas, eluded armed guards and interviewed organizers as well as growers. Out of this came his explosive book, *Factories in the Field*. In 1939 McWilliams was already in the middle of the struggle when Cesar Chavez was still a small boy witnessing his father's daily humiliations. Governor Olson appointed him head of the Division of Housing and Immigration. What had been the state's best-guarded secret, the exploitation of farm workers, became the day's hot issue as McWilliams held hearings all over California. These hearings were the first of their kind ever conducted in the state. The Associated Farmers baptized him "Agricultural Pest No. 1, worse than pear blight or the boll weevil." In 1943, Earl Warren promised that as his first gubernatorial act he'd fire McWilliams. Thirty-five years later, the troublemaker was honored by the California American Civil Liberties Union with its Earl Warren Civil Liberties Award. Talk about exquisite irony.

As *Zoot Suit* played to enthusiastic audiences on Broadway, McWilliams filled in the background describing the trauma of the Sleepy Lagoon case, and the anti-Mexican hysteria of the time. He was chairman of the Mexican-Americans' defense committee. McWilliams had already faced the phenomenon of racism a few years earlier. When the best joined the worst in evacuating and interning Japanese-Americans, he wrote *Prejudice*, a stirring polemic, based upon his visits to the camps of the damned. (A copy, if available, should be sent to a clown of my acquaintance, Senator S.I. "call me Don" Hayakawa.)

With the coming of the cold war, the House Un-American Activities Committee and Joseph McCarthy, McWilliams lit out for the territory, the East. He took over as editor of *The Nation*, which was coming under increasing attack. In 1951, "that odious spring," McWilliams put out the memorable civil liberties issue, *How Free Is Free?* The fat was really in the fire. The magazine was bitterly and constantly assaulted as the Kremlin's baby, especially by *The New Leader* and *Commentary*. McWilliams is devastating as he cites chapter and verse of the abominable role played by these cold-war lickspittles. Apparently, there is still no sense of shame in those precincts: in the 1970s, they've picked up where they left off in the 1950s. Neo-conservatives. How new is neo?

Today, investigative journalism appears to be much in fashion. What distinguished *The Nation* under the aegis of Carey McWilliams is that it muckraked like crazy during all the years when doing so was out of fashion.

Consider these samples: *The FBI Nobody Knows* by Fred Cook (1958); the Bay of Pigs stories by Carleton Beals (1960); *Cigarettes and Lung Cancer* by Dr. Alton Ochsner (1957); *The Safe Car You Can't Buy* by Ralph Nader (1959); *The Careful Young Men*, a teachers' symposium concerning campus apathy (1957); *Tensions Beneath the Apathy: The Myth of the Bland Generation*

Studs Terkel's latest book is Talking to Myself: A Memoir of My Times. *(Pantheon Books).*

Israel Shenker

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(1959). The list goes on. What most impresses the reader is the editorial prescience as well as the guts. Far from being checkbook journalism, the financial arrangements of McWilliams's assignments were almost comic. He worked out of a hat: a hunch, a phone call, a fee of two figures. He called upon writers who had never done their stuff for *The Nation* before, nor, in some notable cases, for any magazine: Hunter Thompson, before he turned gonzo; James Baldwin, an unknown; Bob Sherrill, an irreverent Texan; David Cort, disenchanted with *Time*; William Appleman Williams, introducing revisionist history; J. Bronowski's *Science and Human Values*. . . .

Among the most moving passages of this memoir are portraits of four friends who were destroyed by the political yahoos and their intellectual courtiers: F.O. Matthiessen, the scholar; Louis Adamic, the immigrant; Albert Dekker, the actor, and Edgar Snow, the journalist. Three committed suicide, the other was "exiled." Perhaps Matthiessen's observation is most pertinent: "It is appalling how much can get left out of an American education." There are very few gaps in McWilliams's.

"I still take a generous view of the future and remain basically an optimist," McWilliams insists, "despite much evidence that I could be wrong." Right or wrong, like Kilroy, his name is written on the wall. Carey McWilliams was most definitely here. □

Heart of Conrad

RICHARD LINGEMAN

JOSEPH CONRAD: The Three Lives. *By Frederick R. Karl. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 1,008 pp. $25.*

Frederick Karl's biography of Joseph Conrad has the omnivorousness and omniscience associated with that literary event known as the "definitive" biography, which comes along every twenty-five years or so in the posthumous career of great figures and deposits a scholarly barrow on the literary landscape that all students are henceforth obliged to excavate.

In expressing my respect for this industrious and worthy labor, I must also confess I experienced an intermittent impatience with it, which occasionally flared up into serious disaffection. There is a *thereness* about this project, a heaping up for the sake of respectably formidable bulk. Not that this is one of those laundry-list compilations that give us the temperature on the afternoon in May when the subject had a vermouth cassis at the Dôme with Hemingway. Karl exercises a shaping intelligence throughout that is considerable, as well as illuminating. He busily sweeps out obscure cobwebbed corners; he tidies up myths left lying around by previous biographers; he takes on Dr. Bernard Meyer's formidable psychobiography of Conrad and, while giving it its due, manages to outstep it by some fancy footwork; he tells us much about Conrad's creative process as he drifted forward in the pitchy blackness of his career, like Nostromo and Decoud in their boat carrying off the silver of the mine in *Nostromo*. Karl's intellectual gear is impeccable—historical context, biographical evidence, psychological interpretation, aesthetic considerations, footnotes: a veritable L.L. Bean catalogue of useful scholarly equipment.

Yet that is perhaps the trouble; the book is overloaded with its intellectual baggage. As its author slogs along through the solid mass of evidence, the reader longs to caper ahead or dash up to yonder hill for a better view. Or, to change the figure, where one wants a clipper ship, slicing briskly through the chop, one gets a slow-moving, ponderous, utilitarian barge.

The blueprints of that cleaner-lined, trimmer book are there—not by happenstance but because Karl has put them there; the superstructure is sound. Indeed, one can quickly grasp the book's outline if one thinks a moment of Joseph Conrad, born Jozef Teodor Konrad Korzeniowski in Podolia, Russian-occupied Poland: the seaman who turned to writing when he was well into his 30s, and who wrote in masterly English, a language he did not hear spoken until he was 15. Here we have the "three lives" in Karl's subtitle—Pole, seaman, writer.

Karl's task is to interweave them, and this he does throughout, shuttling busily forward and back in time. In a chapter on Conrad's boyhood, say, he might illumine a point with a flash-forward to *The Nigger of the "Narcissus."* And in making, much farther on, a point about the novel, he will draw upon the store of childhood description he has painstakingly assembled. Where the method breaks down, or rather distracts, is where it becomes too intrusive. Because so little is known of the boy's inner life, the author overanxiously draws in all the evidence he can to shore up a point, including the theories of Erik Erikson. As a result, the whole enterprise threatens to founder in the early chapters. Later in the book, Karl's shuttle weaves some richly embroidered interpretations of Conrad's novels and stories.

Such facts of Conrad's childhood as are known speak volumes, and so the author's timorous reliance on outside consultants seems academic supererogation. It causes us to lose the sense of the man's life, which is what to my mind the biographer must hold preeminent, with the theoretical stuff kept as unobtrusive as possible.

Conrad's father, Apollo Korzeniowski, was descended from the Polish landed gentry; he was a writer and, contrary to his origins but in a romantic style that was colored by them, he was a radical nationalist, fighting not only for the freedom of Poland but a transformation of society. His revolutionary activities ultimately landed the entire family in one of the better-class Siberian detention homes, an experience that hastened Conrad's mother to an early death. Apollo lived on to the age of 47, but his son was there to watch his lingering death of tuberculosis. After his father died, Conrad was handed about among a series of relatives and finally taken in hand by his Uncle Tadeusz, an estate manager with liberal sentiments, and a typecast Polonius to the errant, groping lad Conrad became.

Obviously the death of this quixotic, romantic, chivalric father with his wasted ideals and his wasting body, which the son, sharing his last exile, watched, left a profound wound in the boy. It drove him to leave Poland at the age of 17, carrying inside him a chancre of apalling loss, resentment and disaster; Karl traces the multifarious strands of this tragedy throughout Conrad's life. It wore into his artistic and philosophic vision.

After an abortive suicide attempt in Marseille at age 20, which Karl regards as an act of "death and renewal" that enabled him to break with his forlorn, defeated, loved, needed father and Poland, Conrad entered the British merchant marine, choosing the neutral emptiness of the sea, a continent without countries. At sea Conrad found a credo of order and discipline amidst danger that quelled the destructive anarchy within him; it was a life lived where he liked it—close to the edge of disaster, where courage and professionalism kept one afloat in the destructive

Richard Lingeman, executive editor of The Nation, *is the author of* Small Town America, *which G.P. Putnam's Sons will publish next January.*

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element, and one served in a community of men "who lived under the command to do well, or perish utterly."

The sea, Karl again pregnantly observes, provided Conrad with a vast unfilled frame of the imagination, endless lonely spaces to be peopled with these lone obsessed characters—Jim of *Lord Jim*, Heyst of *Victory*—attempting to keep the corruption of the world at bay on islands or lonely outposts. The long sea journeys also provided time for endless meditation and brooding, the sea a mirror of itself with fathomless psychic depths. In his working life as a novelist, Conrad plumbed ceaselessly these depths of memory (Karl aligns him with Proust as a writer of memory, in contrast to Hemingway or Lawrence who wrote of immediate experiences); his imagination summoned up chimerical images out of his past, and he would sometimes stew at his desk for days, trying to give them form, order, narrative shape. It was an agonizingly protracted process, but Conrad kept at it because that desk he sat at daily in his third life had become his salvation. Characteristically, he worked best when personal disaster most closely impended.

Such an overlay of brooding upon the disasters of his childhood gave Conrad's mind its deeply pessimistic, yet modernistic, even prophetic, cast. When he thought most seriously of his stature as a writer, he rejected the easy characterization the reviewers had applied to him—a writer of tales of the sea; but true to his aristocratic heritage, he scorned popularity derived from the masses and boasted that he wrote for the "select few." Later in life, when success and fame finally came, he trimmed his hostility to the prevailing popularity, but remained a convert to the religion of art. From his mentor Henry James he absorbed the idea of art not just as a sacred calling but as an existential stratagem to assert one's lonely, individual vision against the ravages of time, chance and fate. He sought to squeeze out of himself "every sensation, every thought, every image—mercilessly" in a search "for the glamour, for the right expression." And he spoke of the artist's "altogether self-forgetful sacrifice to that remorseless fidelity to the truth of his own sensations at whatever cost of pain and contumely."

The bleakness of his philosophy, his remorseless fidelity to the truth as he sensed it, put off his readers; his life as a writer, which Karl evokes so fully, was a Sisyphean labor. He was plagued with gout—no doubt hereditary—and other probably psychosomatic illnesses; and his wife, Jessie, the nonintellectual

Norman Birnbaum, Blair Clark, Ramsey Clark, Fred Cook, Terrence Des Pres, E.L. Doctorow, Richard Falk, Jules Feiffer, Tom Ferguson & Joel Rogers, Frances FitzGerald, James Goodman & Dorothy Samuels, Philip Green, Christopher Hitchens, Leonard Kriegel, Penny Lernoux, Sanford Levinson, Carey McWilliams, Aryeh Neier, Marcel Ophuls, Nora Sayre, Robert Sherrill, Calvin Trillin, Kurt Vonnegut, Alan Wolfe **write it.**

John Alcorn, Marshall Arisman, Tony Auth, Seymour Chwast, Robert Grossman, Frances Jetter, Ed Koren, David Levine, Lou Myers, Ed Sorel **illustrate it.**

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shopkeeper's daughter fifteen years younger whom he wisely married, was also troubled with chronic leg infections that necessitated amputation; even his oldest son, Borys, was sickly, so that the family resembled a kind of portable hospital as they moved from one country cottage to another. Conrad's enlightened, loyal literary agent Pinker kept him afloat with advances of money, and there was help from John Galsworthy, one of the English writers who had reckoned Conrad's brilliance early on. He even tried writing lighter stuff in collaboration with Ford Madox Ford, although without much return in the literary marketplace. Yet he held himself aloof from Grub Street and the literary salons of the day (Virginia Woolf, with characteristic Bloomsbury snobbery, dismissed him as some sort of odd Pole; Lady Ottoline Morrell tried in vain to net him for her specimen board).

Conrad's politics ran counter to the Fabianism that ruled English intellectual circles of the day, although he had a brief intense friendship with Bertrand Russell and a longstanding one with Cunninghame Graham, the Scots nationalist and socialist (he also knew Roger Casement in the Congo, and his story, *Heart of Darkness*, arrived by artistic intuition at the same conclusions about the genocidal policies of King Leopold of Belgium that Casement uncovered by his own investigations). He wrote to Graham that "Socialism must inevitably end in Caesarism," and he saw even the bloodless, democratic English variety as leading to an "abyss." These were thoughts at 28, and while Conrad did not abandon them, he had the adopted citizen's awe of England, and saw democracy as a deplorable system but preferable to all the others. The shadow of tragic, plundered Poland colored his vision of the state indelibly, and when he created the mythical South American country of Costaguana as the setting for *Nostromo*, he was actually thinking of Poland: "a close-meshed net of crime and corruption lay upon the whole country."

That was the heart of his dark vision of society, and so he sought instead the sea and the forgotten, bypassed, out-of-the-way places, and affirmed the heroism of those who live by a lonely code of honor in a universe that he once described to Graham as a huge, implacable "knitting machine." His own island of art was incessantly invaded by the clamor and confusion of the outer world, like Heyst's island in *Victory*; he often failed to achieve the outer limits of his vision in his most ambitious and "anxiously meditated" novels because of the press of time, the need to make a living, exhaustion. But, he had his victory written in words that were edited out of the famous Preface on the art of fiction for *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"*: "For in art alone of all the enterprises of men there is meaning in endeavour disassociated from success, and merit—if any merit there be—is not wholly centered in achievement but may be fairly discerned in the aim." □

The Official Version

ALAN WOLFE

RUSSIA AND THE UNITED STATES. *By Nikolai Sivachev and Nikolai N. Yakovlev. Translated by Olga Adler Titlebaum. The University of Chicago Press. 293 pp. $12.95.*

Before anything else, a word of thanks is due the publisher. The University of Chicago Press has invited historians from a number of countries to comment on the relationships between their countries and the United States. By including the Soviet Union in their list, they have managed to bring out the first important work in English that reviews the impact that these great superpowers have had on each other from the Soviet point of view. This book is essential for anyone who wants to know what the Russians think about the following matters: Western intervention in the Russian civil war, United States recognition of the Soviet Union in the 1930s, Great Power cooperation during World War II, the origins of the cold war, the emergence of détente; and the recent outbreak of a new cold war circa 1978.

Sivachev and Yakovlev—the former at the University of Moscow, the latter at the Institute of the United States of America and Canada—have made a major contribution to international understanding. They have not, however, made an equal contribution to historical understanding. Current international realities make the former possible but not the latter. As the first of its kind, *Russia and the United States* is preoccupied with establishing an official Soviet position. As a result, we learn a great deal about what the Russians think about our foreign policy but not nearly as much about why the Soviets respond as they do to events in the world.

Two major problems stem from the book's "official" character. The least important is a tendency to follow a line. Thus, the influence of Zionist opinion in the 1920s in preventing recognition of the Soviet Union is highly exaggerated. Far more important in fanning the distrust of the Russian Revolution in the United States were the gentleman reactionaries of the State Department, many of whom—interestingly enough—were rabidly anti-Semitic. We are also told that in 1956, "The Soviet Union came to the assistance of the Hungarian people and helped them to hold out against the revolutionary takeover." Finally, the authors' continued assertion that Soviet foreign policy has been totally consistent, always directed toward peaceful coexistence with the West, begins to wear thin after a while.

While annoying, these digressions can easily be skipped. A more serious problem, in my view, is the failure of the authors to exploit more fully the Soviet documents, especially as they concern the origins of the cold war. It is a constant source of frustration to historians and political scientists not to be able to gauge Soviet reactions with the same depth that we can investigate American motives. The announcement of this book's publication raised my hopes that at least partial access to Soviet documents would be given to Westerners. But in the chapter on the cold war, only eight of the sixty-seven footnotes are to Soviet sources. Instead, Sivachev and Yakovlev reinterpret Western works—relying on the *mea culpa* of George Kennan, for example—and only quote tantalizingly from materials in their own country. Thus, while ostensibly a history of Russian-American relations, the book deals far more with the United States than with the Soviet Union.

The challenge in reading a book of this sort is not to let one's suspicions about its official character interfere with the important truths it does contain. The fact is that *Russia and the United States* comes closer to the truth in its perceptions of American-Soviet relations than any comparable "official" history in the United States could. The reason for this is simple: hostility between the United States and the Soviet Union has, from the beginning, been more the responsibility of America than Russia. As a skeptic who views

Alan Wolfe, a member of The Nation's *Editorial Board, works at the Institute for the Study of Social Change, University of California (Berkeley). His most recent publication is* The Limits of Legitimacy *(The Free Press).*

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state power with inherent suspicion, I would like to be able to blame both countries equally for the frequent deteriorations in their relationship. Moreover, as one sympathetic to Marxism who is hardly enamored of what the Russians have done in its name, I have an instinctive tendency to want to criticize the Soviet Union at home and abroad. Yet the historical record is overwhelming. While Russia has from time to time acted foolishly (and once or twice in adventurous fashion), the United States has been obstinate, hypocritical, aggressive, sanctimonious, untrustworthy, inconsistent and needlessly belligerent. The new-found "friendship" with China is just one more chapter in a long history of hostility toward the Soviet Union.

In treating the sorry record of performance of the United States in these matters, Sivachev and Yakovlev try hard to find the right tone. Critical of the United States, they make an effort to restrain their indignation. Possessed of a fuller sense of the complexity of American politics than many Soviet specialists on America, they understand that alternatives were possible. Refusing to condemn all American policy makers, they find some good in Roosevelt's Administration, in Kennedy's 1963 American University speech, and in Kissinger's approach to détente. Conversant with the work of revisionist historians in the United States, they engage frequently in debates of considerable importance. Moreover, they have avoided being ponderous, and even, from time to time, strike a humorous note. Surprisingly for a document that has an official character, their book is entertaining to read, instructive and, in many respects, fascinating. They took on a most difficult assignment and performed it extremely well.

After the wars have been fought, the historians fight them over again. While to some degree a history of the cold war, *Russia and the United States* is also a part of it. By presenting the Soviet position, it adds a dimension to the question of American-Soviet relations that has been sorely missing. But for the same reason, it is compelled to interpret all events from a national point of view. This ultimately weakens the book. The United States' record in the cold war speaks for itself. The most powerful possible critique of American foreign policy that could be made would be to present the factual record as it actually took place, without attempting to justify Soviet behavior. Some day, if the cold war ever ends, Soviet historians will be able to acknowledge to Americans the mistakes made by their own country without in any way undermining the United States' share of the blame for the current absurd hostility between these two overarmed giants. □

TELEVISION

PETER SOURIAN

The other day I asked the sixteen members of a college English class how many of them had heard of Eugene V. Debs. Only two raised their hands: one of them had heard of Debs and that was all; the other is a fellow who feels compelled to have heard of everything. Thus, I imagine *The Nation* has some young readers who've also never heard of Debs, so I feel obliged to explain who he was before discussing a TV production that concerns him.

Debs, as he figures in John Dos Passos's *U.S.A.*, was a railroad fireman, one of ten children, from Terre Haute, Ind. He did all right in state politics for a while, but got disgusted and quit. He started out in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, but resigned in 1892 to found an industrial union that would include all railroad workers because he had observed that the small craft unions were ineffectual. In only two years' time, the American Railway Union had 150,000 members and was able to challenge successfully both the Great Northern Railway and the Pullman Palace Car Company. But the success of the union was its downfall; it had to be broken, and so it was, first with Federal troops sent into Chicago by Grover Cleveland, and later by a Federal court injunction ordering the A.R.U. to cease its boycott of the Pullman factory; Debs resisted the injunction and was thrown into prison, where he read Marx for the first time and moved from trade unionism to radical socialism.

He ran for President of the United States as a Socialist five times, the last time from prison, with a campaign that consisted of one press release a week. Under a ten-year sentence, having been charged with violating the Espionage Act, he nevertheless received nearly 1 million votes in 1920. He was soon pardoned by President Harding and went home to die in Terre Haute. According to Dos Passos: "The people were fond of him . . . but they were afraid of him as if he had contracted a social disease, syphilis or leprosy . . . on account of the flag and prosperity and making the world safe for democracy, they were afraid to be with him, or to think much about him for fear they might believe him. . . ."

We think of the various socialist parties in this country as pretty small potatoes, yet in 1912, according to a Vermont TV producer named Bernard Sanders, the Socialist Party controlled the administrations of thirty-three American cities, including Milwaukee, Bridgeport, Conn., and Berkeley, Calif.

Sanders, who considers himself a radical socialist like Debs, is concerned about the question of public access to TV, especially about public access to *public* TV. Last November, Vermont Educational TV, which had previously shown films of his of a noncontroversial historical nature, refused to air a documentary he'd made about Debs.

The production in question is modest, made for about $2,000, telling Debs's story in a half-hour. In the course of it, John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie are referred to as "murderers" for their part in the killing of men, women and children in Ludlow, Colo., and Homestead, Pa. I have been told by several historians of varying political persuasions that the statement is not an outrageous one. Otherwise the production is certainly not inflammatory.

When the station was pressed for a reason for refusing the film, the program director of ETV Vermont, Gary Simpson, said that because the film had previously been used as a political advertisement on WCAX, a commercial station, it was unacceptable. Then Sanders tried to have the film shown on Maine ETV: "I called up the program director there, who runs a special 'controversial' show once a week. He asked me to send it to him and a week later informed me he would run it 'as soon as he cleared it with the station manager' . . . later I was told the station's legal staff was looking into the dangers of putting the program on the air."

My feeling is that Sanders would not have protested had he been told the film was simply not considered good enough to be aired but that's not what he was told. "If one cannot call John D. Rockefeller a 'murderer,'" he says, "then how does one say anything about the evolution of industrialism in America?" Sanders also objected to the fact that the tendency at Vermont ETV was for one man, Simpson, to decide programming unilaterally.

At the risk of sounding like an arrogant city slicker, it seems to me that Sanders was lucky the Vermont station left itself open to challenge when it answered him in the way that it did. A sharper outfit would simply have rejected the film, implying that they didn't think it was good enough for

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them. I'm afraid that's generally the way "closed-shop" programming operations are maintained.

In this instance, however, Vermont ETV had given Sanders something of a platform for his objections. He characterized their rejection of the film as "blatant censorship," called for a reorganization of the station, and spoke of a possible sit-in. Simpson replied that the station could not present programs that editorialized; Sanders retorted that "It is nonsense to believe any serious writer is 'objective.' For a program director to talk about objectivity is to encourage mediocrity and stupidity."

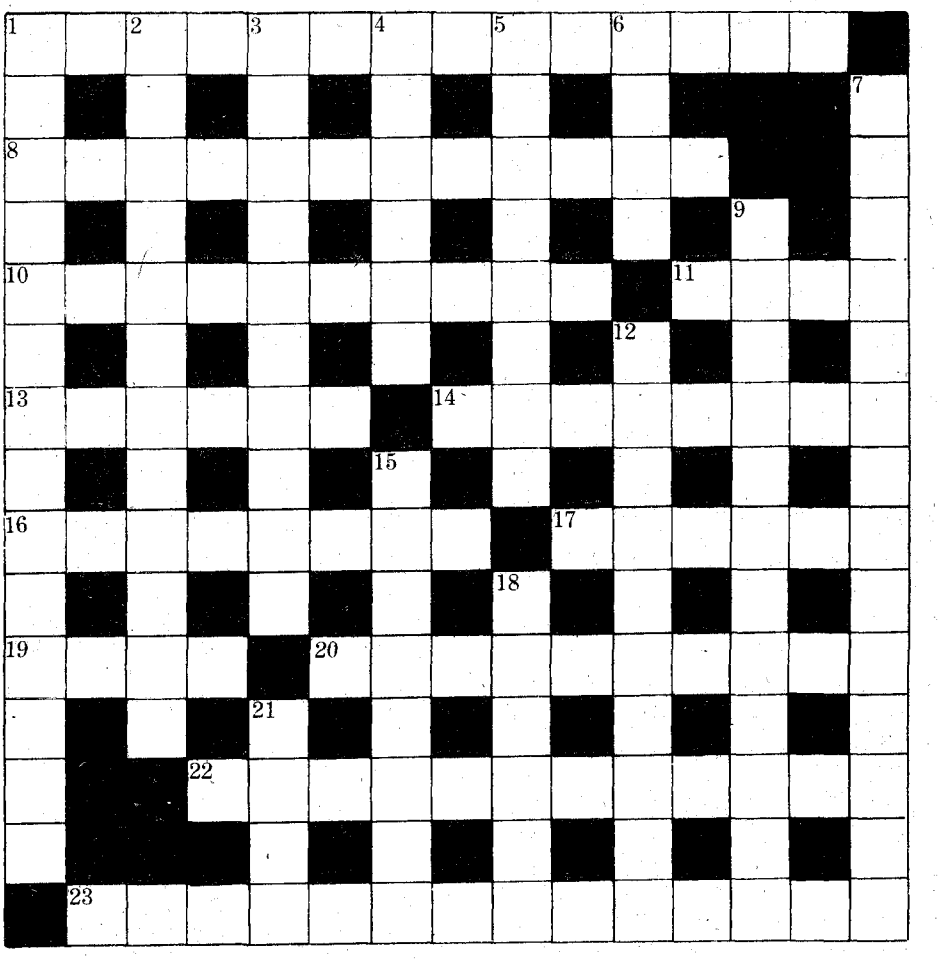
After Sanders had brought together a group of local film makers to discuss the situation, the University of Vermont, which runs the station, became more responsive; Kenneth Fishell, its vice president for "outreach," declared that the management would seek to improve public access and to put more original Vermont material on the air. The station admitted that their three-and-a-half hours a week drawn from local programming (of which two-and-a-half hours are a bland weekly interview show) were insufficient and they also agreed to show the Debs film.

Sanders says much of the state already receives plenty of national Public Broadcasting Service material from overlapping public stations in New Hampshire and New York. He proposes more Vermont music (a lot of hungry and talented folksingers around), politics, labor and working-class coverage. He wonders why there can't be a Citizen's Hour, a time-slot where any Vermonter could present his point of view on any subject, first come, first served. "It seems to us," he says, "that nonprofit public TV run by and for the people has extraordinary potential to improve the quality of life for all of us."

Sanders feels people should realize that they can fight the system, especially in a small state. *Debs* was finally shown on Vermont ETV; and on June 25 the station aired an hour by Sanders concerning Vermont working people and their difficulties. He intends to devote about twenty minutes of this time to feedback from viewers. As Norbert Wiener wrote a while ago, there's no communications model without feedback. Eugene V. Debs didn't believe in the long-term efficiency of one-way streets either: "I don't want you to follow me or anyone else," he said. "If you are looking for a Moses to lead you out of the capitalist wilderness you will stay right where you are. I would not lead you into this promised land if I could, because if I could lead you in, someone else will lead you out." □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1780

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Not a housewife's story of where the shopping money goes, though many businessmen rely on it. (4,10)
8 Not conducive to mind make-up. (12)
10 and 15 down Old-fashioned circus freak—as they once considered the orangutan. (3,4,3,2,6)
11 Stick to this for something to jump on. (4)
13 Possibly tattle-tale brown? The cane might be the answer! (6)
14 A good dose? That's about the size of it! (8)
16 Name in the line-up. (8)
17 Good unions should work in it—and bad unions. (6)
19 Writing for money, observe! (4)
20 Disorderly interior in beginnings of frivolity breed this. (3,7)
22 Destroyed the enemy's attempt at destruction, but it sounds like a control for summer. (12)
23 Part of a concert held up by rain, so needs reorganizing. (8,2,4)

DOWN

1 Putting another name on things mined in 22, with a double gin sling. (14)
2 What shouldn't be told to try and eat inside is not openly arrived at. (6,6)
3 They probably live retired lives. (10)
4 Harold, for example. (6)
5 Lets go almost all of such as Vanya, coming to an unlikely pass. (8)
6 The sound of 19. (4)
7 Kings and Queens might easily be approached by means of it. (8,6)
9 Set apart at a telling time for some people. (12)
12 One of those from whom ears were borrowed, it seems. (10)
15 See 10 across
18 French woman in an exalted position with the English cathedral? (This is hard!) (6)
21 Where poultry is kept, or where it's sold, for some. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1779

ACROSS: 1 Dried; 4 Gamecocks; 9 Mohawks; 10 Rulings; 11, 12 and 13 To be, or not to be; 16 Satanic; 17 Inferno; 19 Earshot; 22 Athlete; 24, 25 and 26 Turn on the heat; 29 Teacake; 30 Aviator; 31 Messmates; 32 Darts. DOWN: 1 Demitasse; 2 Inhabit; 3, 14 and 27 Down on the farm; 4 Gastric; 5 Marconi; 6, 15 and 28 Call of the Wild; 7 Contour; 8 Susie; 18 Overtures; 20 Rereads; 21 Tangent; 22 Ash cans; 23 Ejector; 24 Totem.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

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PUBLICATIONS

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Goes to Cuba

The Nation announces a two-week sociocultural tour to Cuba, especially arranged for our readers.

• Escorted by

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